

THE LIVING AGE.

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PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE ANTHEM.

God save the Prince of Wales !
Long live the Prince of Wales !

God bless our prince !
Bless, too, his youthful bride—
On her, Heaven's peace abide—
Her, let all joys betide—

God save our prince !

O Lord, their union bless !

Life, love, true happiness,

Be theirs from thee !

Shield both beneath thy care,

May both thy blessing share,

Hear Britain's loyal prayer,

Prayer of the free !

In this our hour of mirth,

We would that all the earth

Such freedom knew !

Poles, Negroes, all the oppress,

Lord save—from east to west—

And let the sword have rest

The wide world through !

Viking and Saxon blood,

Mingled in living flood,

One heart evince,

The Cymru, Norman, Gael

(Their feuds a bygone tale),

One people—shout "All hail !

God save the prince !"

From royal vices free,

In him let all men see

Albert the Good !

Proud of such high control,

Ruled by such father's soul,

He'll best our queen console

In widowhood.

God bless our widowed queen !

Long live our noble queen !

God save the queen !

Royal mother, prince, princess,

A loving people bless—

Crown them with happiness !

God save the queen !

NEWMAN HALL.

THE HIDDEN WAY.

BY REV. W. C. RICHARDS.

"Whither I go, ye cannot come."

WHAT dizzy Alp has traveller dared to scale,

Another must despair to gain ?

Whither to mount my skill and strength must fail,

And equal courage climb in vain ?

What city of this earth defies my reach,

Where venturous foot hath gone before ?

Who mocks my will with the forbidding speech—

"This daring shall be done no more."

There is no peak, no city 'neath the sky—

Nor proud Mont Blanc, nor regal Rome—

Of which some bold explorer's voice may cry,

"Whither I go, ye cannot come !"

Yet in these words the man Christ Jesus spake,

And stirred his kindred to amaze—

What perilous path his humble feet could take,
Beyond their power to go or gaze !

They dreamed of death, self-wrought in reckless crime,

As the dread goal their feet must shun ;

But that, alas ! in Satan's fitting time

Their false Iscariot fitly won.

And we, who backward gaze upon the cross,

Ask if He meant that Throne of Pain ;

Was it to life's sharp, ignominious loss—

None else than He might come again ?

Ah no ! for while He spoke the fetters clung

To wretched men decreed its shame ;

And side by side with Christ the thieves were hung—

Whither he went, they also came !

Nor yet his grave rock-hewn in Joseph's ground,

Forbade the Jews his following there ;

A narrow house unsought, full soon they found,

And took of death their mortal share.

What mean these words, that meant for wondering Jews,

Nor cross of shame, nor mortal tomb—

As goal they could not reach, or would not choose,

"Whither I go, ye cannot come."

Where went the Christ beyond the Cross and Grave,

That e'en his own could not pursue ;

And has the race no souls so strong, so brave,

That they the Master's work may do ?

"I go," he said, "up to my Father's Throne ;"

And unbelief veiled all the road ;

He came Heaven's gates to open for "his own,"

But downward still in sin they strode.

And unbelief in Christ hath evermore

Hid the bright way to Paradise ;

Nor man may do what One has done before—

Till Faith anoints his sightless eyes.

The thief who hung in shame, yet prayed in faith,

Found at his Lord's dear side sure room ;

And since, to such as he, Christ never saith—

"Whither I go, ye cannot come."

—Congregationalist.

THISTLE-DOWN.

THE thistle-seeds blow down the wind,

Thin and white, in the autumn sun ;

Thousands and thousands in earth, in air,

Before the wild breeze float and run.

This winged mischief Satan casts

In flying squadrons, as he does lies,

O'er the sluggard'scroft and the miser's field,

And the rotting Chancery properties.

Filmy white in the autumn sun,

With their cobweb stars and gossamer rays,

The thistle-down blows over the farms,

Where the cloud-shadow veers and plays.

Away through the air I see them drive,

And, miles a minute, they drift along,

For there on the hill the Devil stands,

That ceaseless sower of broadcast wrong.

—Chambers's Journal.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY ALEX. WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

Concluded.

THE fate of the provinces resembled the fate of the capital. Whilst it was still dark on the morning of the 2d, Morny, stealing into the Home Office, had entrusted his orders for instant and enthusiastic support to the zeal of every prefect, and had ordered that every mayor, every *juge de paix*, and every other public functionary who failed to give in his instant and written adhesion to the acts of the President should be dismissed. In France the engine of state is so constructed as to give to the Home Office an almost irresistible power over the provinces, and the means which the Office had of coercing France were reinforced by an appeal to men's fears of anarchy, and their dread of the sect called "Socialists." Forty thousand communes were suddenly told that they must make swift choice between socialism and anarchy and rapine on the one hand, and on the other a virtuous dictator and lawgiver recommended and warranted by the authority of Monsieur de Morny. The gifted Montalembert himself was so effectually caught in this springe that he publicly represented the dilemma as giving no choice except between Louis Bonaparte and "the ruin of France." In the provinces, as in Paris, there were men whose love of right was stronger than their fears of the Executive Government, and stronger than their dread of the Socialists; but the Departments, being kept in utter darkness by the arrangements of the Home Office, were slower than Paris in finding out that the blow of the 2d of December had been struck by a small knot of associates, without the concurrence of Statesmen who were the friends of law and order; and it would seem that although the proclamations were received at first with stupor and perplexity, they soon engendered a hope that the President (acting, as the country people imagined him to be, with the support of many eminent statesmen) might effect a wholesome change in the Constitution, and restore to France some of the tranquillity and freedom which she had enjoyed under the government of her last king. There were risings, but every department which seemed likely to move was put under martial law. Then followed slaughter, banishment, imprisonment, sequestration; and

all this at the mere pleasure of Generals raging with a cruel hatred of the people, and glowing with the glow of that motive—so hateful because so sordid—which in centralized states men call "zeal." Of these Generals there were some who, in their fury, went beyond all the bounds of what could be dictated by anything like policy, even though of the most ferocious kind. In the department of the Allier, for instance, it was decreed, not only that all who were "known" to have taken up arms against the Government should be tried by Court Martial, but that "those whose socialist opinions were notorious" should be transported by the mere order of the Administration, and have their property sequestered. The bare mental act of holding a given opinion was thus put into the category of black crimes, and either the prisoner was to have no trial at all, or else he was to be tried, as it were, by the hangman. This decree was issued by a man called General Eynard, and was at once adopted and promulgated by the Executive Government.*

The violence with which the brethren of the Elysée were raging took its origin, no doubt, from their terror, but now that they were able to draw their breath, another motive began to govern them and to drive them along the same road; for by this time they were able to give to their actions a color which tended to bring them the support and good-will of whole multitudes—whole multitudes distracted with fear of the democrats, and only longing for safety. For more than three years people had lived in dread of the "Socialists," and though the sect, taken alone, was never so formidable as to justify the alarm of a firm man, still it was more or less allied with the fierce species of democrat which men called "Red," and, the institutions of the Republic being new and weak, it was right for the nation to stand on its guard against anarchy; though many have judged that the defenders of order being upheld by the voice of the millions, no less than by the forces of intellect and of property, might have kept their watch without fear. But, whether the thing from which people ran flying was a danger or only a phantom, the terror it spread brought numbers down into a state which was hardly other than abject. Of course people thus unmanned would look

* *Moniteur*, 28th Dec.

up piteously to the Executive Government as their natural protectors, and would be willing to offer their freedom in exchange for a little more safety. So now, if not before, the company of the Elysée, saw the gain which would accrue to them if they could have it believed that their enterprise was a war against Socialism. After the subjugation of Paris, the scanty gatherings of people who took up arms against the Government were composed, no doubt, partly of socialists, but partly also of men who had no motive for rising, except that they were of too high a spirit to be able to stand idle and see the law trampled down. But the brotherhood of the Elysée was master—sole master—of the power to speak in print, and by exaggerating the disturbances going on in some parts of France, as well as by fastening upon all who stood up against them the name of the hated sect, they caused it to be believed by thousands, and perhaps by millions, that they were engaged in a valorous and desperate struggle against Socialism. In proportion as this pretence came to be believed, it brought hosts of people to the support of the Executive Government; and there is reason to believe that, even among those of the upper classes who seemed to be standing proudly aloof from the Elysée, there were many who secretly rejoiced to be delivered from their fear of the Democrats at the price of having to see France handled, for a time, by persons like Morny and Maupas.

The truth is that in the success of this speculation of the Elysée many thought they saw how to escape from the vexations of democracy, in a safe and indolent way. When an Arab decides that the burnous which is his garment by day and by night has become unduly populous, he lays it upon an ant-hill, in order that the one kind of insect may be chased away by the other; and as soon as this has been done, he easily brushes off the conquering genus with the stroke of a whip or a pipe-stick. In a lazy mood, well-born men thought to do this with France, and the first part of the process was successful enough, for all the red sort were killed, or crushed, or hunted away, but when that was done it began to appear that those whose hungry energies had been made use of to do the work were altogether unwilling to be brushed off. They clung. Even now, after the lapse of years,* they cling and feed.

* Written in September, 1861.

The army in the provinces closely imitated the ferocity of the army of Paris, but it was to be apprehended that soldiery, however fierce, might deal only with the surface of discontent, and not strike deep enough into the heart of the country. They might kill people in streets and roads and fields; they might even send their musket-balls through windows into the houses, and shoot whole batches of prisoners; but they could not so well search out the indignant friends of law and order in their inner homes. Therefore Morny sent into the provinces men of dire repute, and armed them with terrible powers. These persons were called Commissaries. In every spot so visited the people shuddered, for they knew by their experience of 1848 that a man thus set over them by the terrible Home Office might be a ruffian well known to the police for his crimes as well as for his services, and that from a potentate of that quality it might cost them dear to buy their safety.

There have been times when the all but dying spark of a nation's life has been kept alive by the priests of her faith; and when this has happened, there has sprung up so deep a love between people and Church that the lapse of ages has not had strength to put the two asunder.* In France, it is true, the Church no longer wielded the authority which had belonged to her of old, but besides that the virtues of her humble and laboring priesthood had gained for her more means of guiding men's minds than Europe was accustomed to believe, she was a cohering and organized body. Therefore, at a moment when the whole temporal powers of the State had been seized by a small knot of men slyly acting in concert, and when the Parliamentary and judicial authority which might restrain their violence had been all at once overthrown, the Church of France, surviving in the midst of ruined institutions, became suddenly invested with a great power to do good or do evil. She might stand between the armed man and his victim; she might turn away wrath; she might make conditions for prostrate France. Or, taking a yet loftier stand, she might resolve to choose—and choose sternly—between right and wrong. She chose.

The priesthood of France were upon the

* See Arthur Stanley's admirable account of the relations between Russia and her Church.

whole a zealous, unworldly, devoted body of men; but already the Church which they served had been gained over to the President by the arrangements which led to the siege and occupation of Rome. Therefore, although the priests perceived that Maupas, coming privily in the night-time, had seized the generals and the statesmen of France, and had shut up the Parliament, and driven the judges from the judgment-seat, still it seemed to them that, because of Rome, they ought to side with Maupas. So far as concerned her political action in this time of trial, they suffered the Church of France to degenerate into a mere sub-department of the Home Office. In the rural districts, when the time for the Plebiscite came, they fastened tickets marked "Yes" upon their people, and drove them in flocks to the polls.

Every institution in the country being thus suborned, or enslaved, or shattered, the brethren of the Elysée resolved to follow up their victory over France. In the sense which will presently appear they resolved to disman her. It had resulted from the political state of France during several years that great numbers of the most stirring men in the country had belonged to clubs, which the law called "secret societies." A net thrown over this class would gather into its folds whole myriads of honest men, and indeed it has been computed that the number of persons then alive who at one time or other had belonged to some kind of "secret society" amounted to no less than two millions. If French citizens at some period of their lives had belonged to societies forbidden by statute, it was enough (and after a lapse of time much more than enough) that the penalties of the law which they had disobeyed should be enforced against them. But it was not this, nor the like of this that was done.

Prince Louis Bonaparte and Morny, with the advice and consent of Maupas, issued a retro-operative decree, by which all these hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen were made liable to be instantly seized, and transported either to the penal settlements in Africa, or to the torrid swamps of Cayenne.* The decree was as comprehensive as a law would be in England, if it enacted that every man who had ever attended a political meeting might be now suddenly transported; but

* Decree of 8th of December, inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 9th.

it was a hundred times less merciful, for in general to be banished to Cayenne was to be put to a slow, cruel, horrible death. Morny and Maupas pressed and pressed the execution of this almost incredible decree with a ferocity that must have sprung in the first instance from terror, and was afterwards kept alive for the sake of that hideous sort of popularity which was to be gained by calling men Socialists, and then fiercely hunting them down. None will ever know the number of men who at this period were either killed or imprisoned in France, or sent to die in Africa or Cayenne; but the panegyrist of Louis Bonaparte and his fellow-plotters acknowledges that the number of people who were seized and transported within the few weeks which followed the 2d of December, amounted to the enormous number of twenty-six thousand five hundred.*

France perhaps could have borne the loss of many tens of thousands of ordinary soldiers and workmen without being visibly weakened; but no nation in the world—no, not even France herself—is so abounding in the men who will dare something for honor and liberty as to be able to bear to lose in one month between twenty and thirty thousand men seized from out of her most stirring and most courageous citizens. It could not be but that what remained of France when she had thus been stricken should for years seem to languish, and to be of a poor spirit. This is why I have chosen to say that France was dismanned.

But besides the men killed and the men transported, there were some thousands of Frenchmen who were made to undergo sufferings too horrible to be here told. I speak of those who were enclosed in the casemates of the fortresses and huddled down between the decks of the *Canada* and the *Duguesclin*. These hapless beings were for the most part men attached to the cause of the Republic. It would seem that of the two thousand men whose sufferings are the most known, a great part were men whose lives had been engaged in literary pursuits, for amongst them there were authors of some repute; editors of newspapers, and political writers of many grades, besides lawyers, physicians, and others whose labors in the field of politics had been mainly labors of the intellectual sort. The torments inflicted upon these men lasted

* Granier de Cassagnac.

from two to three months. It was not till the second week in March that a great many of them came out into the light and the pure air of heaven. Because of what they had suffered they were hideous and terrible to look upon. The hospitals received many. It is right that the works which testify of these things should be indicated as authorities on which the narrator founds his passing words; * but, unless a man be under some special motive for learning the detailed truth, it would be well for him to close his eyes against those horrible pages; for if once he looks and reads, the recollection of the things he reads of may haunt him and weigh upon his spirit till he longs and longs in vain to recover his ignorance of what, even in this his own time, has been done to living men.

At length the time came for the operation of what was called the Plebiscite. The arrangements of the plotters had been of such a kind as to allow France no hope of escape from anarchy and utter chaos, except by submitting herself to the dictatorship of Louis Bonaparte; for although the President in his Proclamation had declared that if the country did not like his Presidency, they might choose some other in his place, no such alternative was really offered. The choice given to the electors did not even purport to be anything but a choice between Louis Bonaparte and nothing. According to the wording of the Plebiscite, a vote given for any candidate other than Louis Bonaparte would have been null. An elector was only permitted to vote "Yes," or vote "No;" and it seems plain that the prospect of anarchy involved in the negative vote would alone have operated as a sufficing menace. Therefore, even if the collection of the suffrages had been carried on with perfect fairness, the mere stress of the question proposed would have made it impossible that there should be a free election: the same central power which nearly four years before had compelled the terrified nation to pretend that it loved a republic, would have now forced the same helpless people to kneel, and say they chose for their one only lawgiver, the man recommended to them by Monsieur de Morny.

Having the army and the whole executive power in their hands, and having pre-ordained

the question to be put to the people, the brethren of the Elysée, it would seem, might have safely allowed the proceeding to go to its sure conclusion without further coercing the vote; and if they had done thus, they would have given a color to the assertion that the result of the Plebiscite was a national ratification of their act. But remembering what they had done, and having blood on their hands, they did not venture upon a free election. What they did was this: they placed thirty-two departments under martial law; and, since they wanted nothing more than a sheet of paper and a pen and ink in order to place every other department in the same predicament, it can be said without straining a word that potentially, or actually, the whole of France was under martial law.

Therefore men voted under the sword. But martial law is only one of the circumstances which constitute the difference between an honest election and a Plebiscite of the Bonaparte sort. Of course, for all effective action on the part of multitudes, some degree of concert is needful, and on the side of the plotters, using as they did the resistless engine of the executive government, the concert was perfect. To the adversaries of the Elysée, all effective means of concerted action were forbidden by Morny and Maupas. Not only could they have no semblance of a public meeting, but they could not even venture upon the slightest approach to those lesser gatherings which are needed for men who want to act together. Of course, in these days, the chief engine for giving concerted and rational action to bodies of men is the Press. But, except for the uses of the Elysée, there was no Press. All journals hostile to the plot were silenced. Not a word could be printed which was unfavorable to Monsieur Morny's candidate for the dictatorship. Even the printing and distributing of negative voting tickets was made penal, and during the ceremony which was called an "election" several persons were actually arrested and charged with the offence of distributing negative voting tickets, or persuading others to vote against the President. It was soon made clear that, so far as concerned his means of taking a real part in the election, every adversary of the Elysée was as helpless as a man deaf and dumb.

In one department it was decreed that any one spreading reports or suggesting fears

* "Le Coup d'Etat," par Xavier Durrieu, ancien Représentant du Peuple. "Histoire de la Terreur Bonapartiste," par Hippolyte Magen.

tending to disquiet the people should be instantly arrested and brought before a court martial.* In another, every society, and indeed, every kind of meeting, however few the persons composing it might be, was in terms prohibited,† and it was announced that any man disobeying the order would be deemed to be a member of a secret society within the meaning of the terrible decree of the 8th of December, and liable to transportation.‡ In the same department it was decreed that every one hawking or distributing printed tickets, or even manuscripts, unless authorized by the mayor or the *juge de paix* should be prosecuted, and the same prefect in almost mad rage against freedom proclaimed that any one who was caught in an endeavor to "propagate an opinion" should be deemed guilty of exciting to civil war, and instantly handed over to the judicial authority.§ In another department the sub-prefect announced that any one who threw a doubt on the loyalty of the acts of the Government should be arrested.||

These are samples of the means which generals and prefects and sub-prefects adopted for ensuring the result; but it is hardly to be believed that all this base zeal was really needed; because from the very first the brethren of the Elysée had taken a step which even if it had stood alone, would have been more than enough to coerce the vote. They fixed for the 20th and 21st of December the election to which civilians were invited; but long before this the army had been ordered to vote (and to vote openly without ballot), within forty-eight hours from the receipt of a despatch of the 3d of December. So, all the land forces of France had voted, as it were, by beat of drum, and the result of their voting had been made known to the whole country long before the time fixed for the civilians to proceed to election. France therefore, if she were to dare to vote against the President, would be placing herself in instant and open conflict with the declared will of her own army, and this at a time when, to the extent already stated, she was under martial law.

* Arrêté du General d'Alphonse, Commandant l'état de siège dans le Département du Cher, Article 4.

† Arrêté du Prefet de la Haute Garonne, Articles 1, 2, 3.

‡ Ibid., Article 3.

§ Ibid., Article 4.

|| Arrêté du Sous-prefet de Valenciennes.

Surprised, perplexed, affrighted, and all unarmed and helpless, France was called upon either to strive to levy a war of despair against the mighty engine of the French executive government, and the vast army which stood over her, or else to succumb at once to Louis Bonaparte and Morny and Maupas and Monsieur Le Roy St. Arnaud. She succumbed. The brethren of the Elysée had asked the country to say "Yes" or "No:" should Louis Bonaparte alone build a new Constitution for the governance of the mighty nation? and when, in the way already told, they had obtained the "Yes," from herds and flocks of men whom they ventured to number at nearly eight millions, it was made known to Paris that the person who had long been the favorite subject of her jests was now become sole lawgiver for her and for France. In the making of such laws as he intended to give the country, Prince Louis was highly skilled, for he knew how to enfold the creatures of a sheer Oriental autocracy in a nomenclature taken from the polity of free European States. With the advice and consent of Morny, and no doubt with the full approval of all the rest of the plotters he virtually made it the law that he should command, and that France should pay him tribute and obey.

It has been seen that the success of the plot of the 2d of December resulted from the massacre which took place in the Boulevard on the following Thursday; and since this strange event became the foundation of a momentous change in the polity of France, and even in the destinies of Europe, it is right for men to know, if they can, how and why it came to pass. At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th of December, the ultimate success of the plot had seemed to become almost hopeless by reason of the isolation to which Prince Louis and his associates were reduced. But at that hour the massacre began, and before the bodies were cleared away, the brethren of the Elysée had Paris and France at their mercy. It was natural that wronged and angry men, seeing this cause and this effect, should be capable of believing that the massacre was wilfully planned as a means of achieving the result which it actually produced. Just as the Cambridge theologian maintained that he who looked upon a watch must needs believe in a watchmaker, so men who had seen the massacre were led to infer a demon. They saw that the massa-

cre brought wealth and blessings to the Elysée, and they thought it a safe induction to say that the man who gathered the harvest as though it were his own must have sown the seed in due season. Yet, so far as one knows, this argument from design is not very well reinforced by external proof; and perhaps it is more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that the slaughter of the Boulevard resulted from the mixed causes which are known to have been in operation, than from a cold design on the part of the President to have a quantity of peaceful men and women killed in order that the mere horror of the sight might crush the spirit of Paris. Without resorting to this dreadful solution, the causes of the massacre may be reached by fair conjecture.

The army, as we have seen, was burning with hatred of the civilians, and its ferocity had been carefully whetted by the President and by St. Arnaud. This feeling apart from other motives of action would not have induced the brave soldiery of France to fire point-blank into crowds of defenceless men and women; but a passion more cogent than anger was working in the bosoms of the men at the Elysée and the Generals in command, and from them it descended to the troops.

According to its nature, and the circumstances in which it is placed, a creature struck by terror may either lie trembling in a state of abject prostration, or else may be convulsed with hysteric energy; and when terror seizes upon man or beast in this last way, it is the fiercest and most blind of all passions. The French unite the delicate, nervous organization of the south with much of the energy of the north, and they are keenly susceptible of the terror that makes a man kill people, and the terror that makes him lie down and beg. On that 4th of December, Paris was visited with terror in either form. The army raged, and the people crouched; but army and people alike were governed by terror. It is very true, that in the Boulevard there were no physical dangers which could have struck the troops with this truculent sort of panic, for even if it is believed that two or three shots were fired from a window or a housetop, an occurrence of that kind, in a quarter which was plainly prepared for sight-seeing, and not for strife, was too trivial of itself to be capable of disturbing prime troops. But the President and his associates, though they

had succeeded in all their mechanical arrangements, had failed to obtain the support of men of character and eminence. For that reason they were obviously in peril; and if Morny and Fleury still remained in good heart, there is no reason for doubting that on the 4th of December the sensations of the President, of the two other Bonapartes, of Maupas, of St. Arnaud, and of Magnan corresponded with the alarming circumstances in which they were placed.

The state of the President seems to have been very like what it had been in former times at Strasbourg and at Boulogne, and what it was years afterwards at Magenta and Solferino.* He did not on any of these five occasions so give way to fear as to prove that he had less self-control in moments of danger than the common run of peaceful citizens; but on all of them he showed that, though he had chosen to set himself heroic tasks, his temperament was ill-fitted for the hour of battle and for the crisis of an adventure. For, besides that (in common with the bulk of mankind) he was without resource and presence of mind when he imagined that danger was really quite close upon him, his complexion and the dismal looks he wore in times of trial were always against him. From some defect, perhaps, in the structure of the heart or the arterial system, his skin, when he was in a state of alarm, was liable to be suffused with a greenish hue. This discoloration might be a sign of high moral courage, because it would tend to show that the spirit was warring with the flesh; but still it does not indicate that condition of body and soul which belongs to a true king of men in the hour of danger, and enables him to give heart and impulsion to those around him. It is obvious, too, that an appearance of this sort would be damping to the ardor of the bystanders. Several incidents show that between the 2d and the 4th of December the President was irresolute, and keenly alive to his danger. The long-pondered plan of election which he had promulgated on the 2d of December he withdrew the next day, in obedience to the supposed desire of the Parisian multitude. He took care to have always close to his side the immense force of cavalry to which he looked as the means of protecting his flight, and it seems that during a great portion of the critical interval the car-

* See note in the Appendix.

riages and horses required for his escape were kept ready for instant use in the stable-yard of the Elysée. Moreover, it was at this time that he suffered himself to resort to the almost desperate resource of counterfeiting the names of men represented as belonging to the Consultative Commission. But perhaps his condition of mind may be best inferred from the posture in which history catches him whilst he nestled under the wing of the army.

When a peaceful citizen is in grievous peril, and depending for his life upon the whim of soldiers, his instinct is to take all his gold and go and offer it to the armed men and tell them he loves and admires them. What, in such stress, the endangered citizen would be impelled by his nature to do is exactly what Louis Bonaparte did. The transaction could not be concealed, and the imperial historian seems to have thought that upon the whole the best course was to give it an air of classic grandeur by describing the soldiers as the "conquerors" of a rugged Greek word, and by calling a French coin an "obolus." "There remained," said he, "to the President out of all his personal fortune, out of all his patrimony, a sum of fifty thousand francs. He knew that in certain memorable circumstances the troops had faltered in the presence of insurrection, more from being famished than from being defeated; so he took all that remained to him, even to his last crown-piece, and charged Colonel Fleury to go to the soldiers, conquerors of demagoguery, and distribute to them, brigade by brigade, and man by man, this his last obolus." * The President had said, in one of his addresses to the army of Paris, that he would not bid them advance, but would himself go the foremost and ask them to follow him. If it was becoming to address empty play-actor's words of that sort to real soldiers, it certainly was not the duty of the President to act upon them, for there could not well be any such engagement in the streets of Paris as would make it right for a literary man (though he was also the chief of the state) to go and affect to put himself at the head of an army inured to war; but still there was a contrast between what was said and what was done, which makes a man smile as he passes. The President had vowed he would lead the soldiers

against the foe, and instead, he sent them all his money. There is no reason to suppose that the change of plan was at all displeasing to the troops, and this bribing of the armed men is only adverted to here as a means of getting at the real state of the President's mind, and thereby tracing up to its cause the massacre of the 4th of December.

Another clue, leading the same way, is to be found in the decree by which the President enacted that combats with insurgents at home should count for the honor and profit of the troops in the same way as though they were fought against a foreign enemy.* It is true that this decree was not issued until the massacre of the 4th was over, but of course the temper in which a man encounters danger is to be gathered in part from his demeanor immediately after the worst moment of trial; and when it is found that the chief of a proud and mighty nation was capable of putting his hand to a paper of this sort on the 5th of December, some idea may be formed of what his sensations were on the noon of the day before, when the agony of being in fear had not as yet been succeeded by the indecorous excitement of escape.

Whilst Prince Louis Bonaparte was hugging the knees of the soldiers, his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, fell into so painful a condition as to be unable to maintain his self-control, and he suffered himself to publish a letter in which he not only disclosed his alarm, but even showed that he was preparing to separate himself from his nephew; for he made it appear (as he could do perhaps with strict truth) that although he had got into danger by showing himself in public with the President on the 2d of December, he was innocent of the plot, and a stranger to the counsels of the Elysée.† His son (now called Prince Napoleon) was really, they say, a strong disapprover of the President's acts, and it was natural that he should be most unwilling to be put to death or otherwise

* Decree of the 5th, inserted in the *Moniteur* of the 7th Dec.

† The letter will be found in the *Annual Register*. It seems to have been sent at ten o'clock at night on the 4th of December; but the writer evidently did not know that the insurrection at that time was so near its end as it really was, and his letter may therefore be taken as a fair indication of the state of his mind in the earlier part of the day. The advice and the mild remonstrance contained in the letter, might have been given in private by a man who had not lost his calm, but the fact of allowing such a letter to be public discloses Jerome's motives.

ill-treated, upon the theory that he was the cousin and therefore the accomplice of Louis, for of that theory he wholly and utterly denied the truth. Any man, however firm, might well resolve that, happen what might to him, he would struggle hard to avoid being executed by mistake; and it seems unfair to cast blame on Prince Napoleon, for trying to disconnect his personal destiny from that of the endangered men at the Elysée, whose counsels he had not shared. Still, the sense of being cast loose by the other Bonapartes could not but be discouraging to Prince Louis, and to those who had thrown in their lot with him.

Maupas, or de Maupas, was a man of a fine, large, robust frame, and with florid, healthy looks; but it sometimes happens that a spacious and strong-looking body of that sort is not so safe a tabernacle as it seems for man's troubled spirit. It is said that the bodily strength of Maupas collapsed in the hour of danger, and that at a critical part of the time between the night of the 2d of December and the massacre of the 4th he had the misfortune to fall ill.

Finally, it must be repeated that on that 4th of December the army of Paris was kept in a state of inaction during all the precious hours which elapsed between the earliest dawn of the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon.

These are signs that the brethren of the Elysée were aghast at what they had done, and aghast at what they had to do. And it is obvious that Magnan and the twenty Generals who had embraced one another on the 27th of November, were now more involved in the danger of the plot than at first they might have expected to be, for the isolation in which the President was left, for want of men of character and station who would consent to come and stand round him, must have made all these Generals feel that even the sovereign warrant of "an order from the Minister of War" was a covering which had become very thin.

Now, by nature the French people are used to go in flocks, and in their army there is not that social difference between the officers and the common soldiers which is the best contrivance hitherto discovered for intercepting the spread of a panic or any other bewildering impulse. With their troops, any impulse whether of daring or fear will often dart like

lightning from man to man, and quickly involve the whole mass. Generally perhaps, a panic in an army ascends from the ranks. On this day, the panic, it seems, went downwards. For six hours the army had been kept waiting and waiting under arms within a few hundred yards of the barricades which it was to attack. The order to advance did not come. Somewhere there was hesitation, and the Generals could not but know that even a little hesitation at such a time was both a sign and a cause of danger, but when they saw it continuing through all the morning hours of a short December day, they could hardly have failed to apprehend that the plot of the Elysée was collapsing for want of support, and they could not but know that, if this dread were well founded, their fate was likely to be a hard one.

The temperament of Frenchmen is better fitted for the hour of combat than for the endurance of this sort of protracted tension; and the anxiety of men of their race, when they are much perturbed, and kept in long suspense will easily degenerate into that kind of alarm, which is apt to become ferocious. This was the kind of stress to which the troops were put on that 4th of December, and in the case of Magnan and the Generals under him, the pangs of having to wait upon the brink of action for more than two-thirds of a day were sharpened by a sense of political danger; for they felt that if, after all, the scheme of the Elysée should fail, their meeting of the 27th might cause them to be brought to trial. Any one knowing what those twenty-one Generals had on their minds, and being also somewhat used to the French army, will almost be able to hear the grinding of the teeth and the rumbling of the curses which mark the armed Frenchman when he rages because he is anxious. Even without the utterance of any words the countenances of men thus disturbed would be swiftly read in a body of French troops, and though the soldiery and the inferior officers would not be able to make out very well what it was that was troubling the minds of the Generals, the sense of not knowing all would only make them the more susceptible of infection. On the other hand it is certain that the instructions given to the troops prescribed the ruthless slaughtering of all who resisted or obstructed them; and although it is of course true that these directions would not compel

or sanction the slaughter of peaceful crowds not at all obstructing the troops, still they would so act upon the minds of the soldiery that any passion which might chance to seize them would be likely to take a fierce shape.

Upon the whole, then, it would seem that the natural and well-grounded alarm which beset the President and some of his associates was turned to anxiety of the raging sort when it came upon the military commanders, and that from them it ran down, till at last it seized upon the troops with so maddening a power as to cause them to face round without word of command, and open fire upon a crowd of gazing men and women.

If this solution were accepted, it would destroy the theory which ascribes to Prince Louis Bonaparte the malign design of contriving a slaughter on the Boulevard as a means of striking terror and so crushing resistance, but it would still remain true that, although it was not specifically designed and ordered, the massacre was brought about by him, and by Morny, Maupas, and St. Arnaud, all acting with the concurrence and under the encouragement of Fleury and Persigny. By them the deeds of the 2d of December were contrived and done. By them, and in order to the support of those same deeds, the army was brought into the streets. By their industry the minds of the soldiery were whetted for the slaughter of the Parisians, and finally by their hesitation, or the hesitation of Magnan, their instrument, the army, when it was almost face to face with the barricades, was still kept standing and expectant, until its Generals, catching and transmitting in an altered form the terror which had come upon them from the Elysée, brought the troops into that state of truculent panic which was the immediate cause of the slaughter. It must also be remembered that the doubt which I have tried to solve extends only to the cause which brought about the massacre of the peaceful crowds on the Boulevard; for it remains unquestioned that the killing of the prisoners taken in the barricaded quarter was the result of design, and was enforced by stringent orders. Moreover the persons who had the blood upon their hands were the persons who got the booty. St. Arnaud is no more; but Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Morny, Fleury, Maupas, Magnan, and Persigny—all these are yet alive, and in their possession

the public treasures of France may still be abundantly found.

It is known that the most practised gamblers grow weary sometimes of their long efforts to pry into the future which chance is preparing for them, and that in the midst of their anxiety and doubt they are now and then glad to accept guidance from the blind, confident guess of some one who is younger and less jaded than themselves; and when a hot-headed lad insists that he can govern fortune, when he "calls the main," as though it were a word of command, and shakes the dice-box with a lusty arm, the pale, doubting elders will sometimes follow the lead of youth's high animal spirits, and if they do this and win, their hearts are warm to the lad whose fire and wilfulness compelled them to run the venture. Whether it be true, as is said, that in the hour of trial any of the brethren of the Elysée were urged forward by Colonel Fleury's threats, or whether, abstaining from actual violence, he was able to drive them on by the sheer ascendancy of a more ardent and resolute nature, it is certain that he well earned their gratitude, if by any means gentle or rough he forced them to keep their stake on the table. For they won. They won France. They used her hard. They took her freedom. They laid open her purse, and were rich with her wealth. They went and sat in the seats of Kings and Statesmen, and handled the mighty nation as they willed in the face of Europe. Those who hated freedom, and those also who bore ill-will towards the French people made merry with what they saw.

These are the things which Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte did. What he had sworn to do was set forth in the oath which he took on the 20th of December, 1848. On that day he stood before the National Assembly, and lifting his right arm towards heaven thus swore: "In the presence of God, and before the French people, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the democratic Republic one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties which the Constitution imposes upon me." What he had pledged his honor to do was set forth in the promise, which of his own free will he addressed to the Assembly. Reading from a paper which he had prepared, he uttered these words: "The votes of the nation, and the oath which I have just taken, command my future

conduct. My duty is clear. I will fulfil it as a man of honor. I shall regard as enemies of the country all those who endeavor to change by illegal means that which all France has established."

"In Europe at that time there were many men, and several millions of women who truly believed that the landmarks which divided good from evil were in charge of priests, and that what religion blessed must needs be right. Now on the thirtieth day computed from the night of the 2d of December, the rays of twelve thousand lamps pierced the thick wintry fog that clogged the morning air, and shed their difficult light through the nave of the historic pile which stands marking the lapse of ages and the strange checked destiny of France. There waiting, there were the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Roman branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. These bishops, priests, and deacons stood thus expecting, because they claimed to be able to conduct the relations between man and his Creator, and the swearer of the oath of the 20th of December had deigned to apprise them that again, with their good leave, he was coming into "the presence of God." And he came. Where the kings of France had knelt, there was now the persistent manager of the company that had played at Strasbourg and Boulogne, and with him, it may well be believed, there were Morny rejoicing in his gains, and Magnan soaring high above sums of four thousand pounds, and Maupas no longer in danger, and St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy, and Fialin, more often called "Persigny," and Fleury, the propeller of all, more eager perhaps to go and be swift to spend his winnings, than to sit in a cathedral and think how the fire of his temperament had given him a strange power over the fate of a nation. When the Church perceived that the swearer of the oath and all his associates were ready, she began her service. Having robes whereon all down the back there was embroidered the figure of a cross, and being, it would seem, without fear, the bishops and priests went up to the high altar, and scattered rich incense, and knelt and rose, and knelt and rose again. Then in the hearing of thousands there pealed through the aisles that hymn of praise which purports to waft into heaven the thanksgivings of a whole people for some new and signal mercy vouchsafed to them by Almighty God. It was be-

cause of what had been done to France within the last thirty days that the Hosannas arose in Notre Dame. Moreover the priests lifted their voices and cried aloud, chanting and saying to the Most High, Domine salvum fac Ludovicum Napoleonem—O Lord! save Louis Napoleon.

What is good, and what is evil? and who is he that deserves the prayers of a nation? If any man being scrupulous and devout was moved by the events of December to ask these questions of his Church, he was answered that day in the Cathedral of our Lady of Paris.

In the next December the form of the state system was accommodated to the reality, and the President of the Republic became what men call a "French Emperor." The style that Prince Louis thought fit to take was this: "Napoleon the Third, by the Grace of God, and by the will of the people, Emperor of the French."

Of course when any one thinks of the events of December, 1851, the stress of his attention is apt to be brought to bear upon those who were actors, and upon those who, desiring to act, were only hindered from doing so by falling into the pits which the trappers had dug for them; but no one will fail to see that one of the main phenomena of the time was the wilful acquiescence of great numbers of men. It may seem strange that during a time of danger the sin of inaction should be found in a once free and always brave people. The cause of this was the hatred which men had of democracy. A sheer democracy it would seem, is so unfriendly to personal liberty, and therefore so vexing or alarming, not only to its avowed political enemies but to those also who in general are accustomed to stand aloof from public affairs, that it must needs close its frail existence as soon as there comes home a general renowned in arms, who chooses to make himself king. This was always laid down as a guiding principle by those who professed to be able to draw lessons from history, but even they used to think that, until some sort of hero could be found, democratic institutions might last. France showed mankind that the mere want of such a hero as will answer the purpose is a want which can be compensated by a little ingenuity. She taught the world that when a mighty nation is under a democracy, and is threatened with doctrines which challenge the ownership and

enjoyment of property, any knot of men who can get trusted with a momentary hold of the engine of State (and somebody must be so trusted), may take one of their number who never made a campaign except with counterfeited soldiers, and never fired a shot except when he fired by mistake, and may make him a dictator, a lawgiver, and an absolute monarch, with the acquiescence if not with the approval of a vast proportion of the people. Moreover France proved that the transition is not of necessity a slow one, and that, when the perils of a high centralization and a great standing army are added to the perils of a sheer democracy, then freedom, although it be hedged round and guarded by all the contrivances which clever, thoughtful, and honest republicans can devise, may be stolen and made away with in one dark winter night, as though it were a purse or a trinket.

Although France lost her freedom it would be an error to imagine that upon the ruins of the commonwealth there was founded a monarchy like that, for instance, which governs the people of Russia. In empires of that kind the Sovereign commands the services of all his subjects. In France, for the most part, the gentlemen of the country resolved to stand aloof from the Government, and not only declined to vouchsafe their society to the new occupant of the Tuileries, but even looked cold upon any stray person of their own station who suffered himself to be tempted thither by money. They were determined to abide their time, and in the mean while to do nothing

which would make it inconsistent for them, as soon as it suited their policy, to take an opportunity of laying cruel hands on the new Emperor and his associates. It was obvious that because of the instinct which makes creatures cling to life a monarch thus kept always standing on the very edge of a horrible fate, but still having for the time in his hands the engine of the State, would be driven by the very law of his being to make use of the forces of the nation as means of safety for himself and his comrades; and that to that one end, not only the operations of the Home Government, but even the foreign policy of the country would be steadily aimed. And so it happened. After the 2d December, in the year 1851, the foreign policy of France was used for a prop to prop the throne which Morny and his friends had built up.

Therefore, although I have dwelt awhile upon a singular passage in the domestic history of France, I have not digressed. The origin of the war with Russia could not be traced without showing what was the foreign policy of France at the time when the mischief was done; and since it happened that the foreign policy of France was new to the world, and was governed in all things by the personal exigencies of those who wielded it, no one could receive a true impression of its aim and purpose, without first gathering some idea of the events by which the destinies of Europe were connected with the hopes and fears of Prince Louis and Morny and Fleury, of Magan and Persigny and Maupas and Monsieur, Le Roy St. Arnaud.

A CURIOUS instance of the obstinate hatred of the Japanese towards Christianity occurred a short time ago at Nagasaki. The Dutch government had, at the request of the Japanese government, sent over a small steam machine, which had been made by the engineers, D. Christie and Son, who had, according to custom, cast the name of their firm on some conspicuous part of the machine. When the Japanese officials read this they sapiently concluded that the words had some reference to Christ the son of David, and that the machine was intended to make the Japanese Christians by steam-power! At first they positively refused to admit the obnoxious article; and even when the matter was explained, they did not seem at all at their ease respecting it. The same officials seized a copy of Longfellow's poems, on the plea that *Evangeline* had been written by one of the Evangelists, whose works it was not permitted to introduce into Japan! All

Bibles and religious books on board of vessels arriving at a Japanese port must be put in a case, called the Bible-case, which is carefully sealed up and preserved under lock and key by the officials, until the vessel is ready to leave; it is then returned to the captain. This absurd regulation is now, however, little more than a formality, as the Bible-case generally contains merely a few stones packed in sawdust.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE Dagmar Cross, to be worn henceforth by the Princess Alexandra, contains a piece of silk taken from the grave of King Canute. The ornament is in other respects of a most costly description, as the necklace contains two thousand brilliants and a hundred and eighteen pearls; and the cross attached to it is alleged to contain a fragment of the true cross.

CHAPTER III.

DURING the many days of his mother's illness, Kenneth never once thought of the work that was lying undone; the work which, if not done within this week, must cost him so dear!

At last, in the quiet evening, after a long day of hopeless suffering, they heard the words spoken that have so often thrilled with joy through sinking hearts, and brought back the brightness to households whose light seemed to be extinguished forever, "The worst is over; she will live." Then, as, hour after hour, Kenneth sat holding his mother's hand, scarcely daring to move lest he should waken her from the sleep that was bringing her back to life and health, he remembered, for the first time since that night when he had laid down his pen to tell her of his pleasant news, that his time of preparation was almost over. Only two days were left to him; if he were not ready then, his hopes of future success were all gone; he could not pass his examination; he could not receive license; and in addition to the loss of the only living that for years would in all probability be offered to him his ill-paid work of teaching must support his family for another year. Besides all this, he knew well that a stigma most difficult to get over always rested on the name of any student who, from any cause except severe illness, failed to come forward at his appointed time; that this stigma was always coupled with that name, whenever it was mentioned for preferment. In short, he felt that to lose the year, or to come forward with his preparations imperfectly and hurriedly got over, would be almost certain ruin to all his hopes; and yet he saw that from the long delay which had occurred, the anxiety which still weighed him down about his mother, the nervous and worn-out state in which he was, amounting to positive illness; with the utter confusion and absence of quietness at present in the house, his task was almost, if not entirely, beyond his power.

His anxiety, which had been so entirely put aside for the last five or six days, was, when the truth burst upon him, almost more than he could bear. He could not, even for those days, give up his teaching. He had been only too neglectful of his pupils lately. No; he must go to each one, and give each his full time. His hours for study then were

very few. Poor fellow! could it be wondered at that he even grudged the hours spent in watching his mother's long, long sleep? It was true, he had, as all students have, several sermons already written; but I have mentioned his morbid dissatisfaction with all his own work, and in his rather peculiar circumstances, his sermons, he felt, ought to be much better than those ordinarily delivered. He could not deliver any of these rude juvenile productions. It was quite impossible.

Then, sitting in the darkened room, he tried to think over his subject, but it was in vain. His thoughts immediately wandered to the pale, sleeping form beside him, and the very anxiety he was in distracted his attention. How long she slept! How rapidly the striking of one hour seemed followed by another! How few would soon be left to him! At last the nervous irritation became so great that almost unconsciously, he said aloud, "She would not have wished me to stay by her if she had known my difficulty."

His sister, Bessie, from the chair beside the fire, where she had thrown herself to try to get a little sleep to fit her for the next day's duty, roused by the words so distinctly heard in the still room, stood instantly by his side.

"Wished what, Kenneth?" she said, in a startled voice.

"I did not mean to disturb you, poor Bessie; but I cannot remain here longer. You know how important my work is just now for all of us, and how much time I have lost. Do you think you could take my place without wakening her?"

"I'll try, Kenneth," said the wearied girl, and gently she tried to unloose the clasp of her mother's hand, who at the touch started, moved uneasily, and whispered her boy's name, "Kenneth, Kenneth;" then the hand was gently folded over Bessie's, and the quiet sleep returned.

Poor Kenneth! he felt almost sorry, as he looked at Bessie's anxious face, pale as the one she was watching so tenderly, but it could not be helped; he was doing what he felt to be best for all of them. Then thinking how much more than ever his mother would need all the comforts he could give her, he sighed, and turning away, shut himself up in his room and began his task. But how hard he found it! His head throbbing, his pulse beating feverishly, and his whole

body trembling; he could not think. He felt as if his brain were wandering; he remembered that horrible feeling once before in the height of the delirium of a fever. No wonder, he had not slept or tried to sleep for more than forty-eight hours, and, never very strong, he was now really ill from long-continued want of rest and agitation of mind.

When the morning broke, his task was scarcely begun, and yet he must leave it. His round of teaching must begin. This was the morning of the day which finished by his being kept two hours later than usual at Mr. Huntly's house. He had snatched an hour or two at noon, and shutting himself up, he had written a part of his sermon. His hand trembled as he wrote, and very haggard and worn he looked when he came into his mother's room, before he set out for his evening's work.

It has been necessary to tell all this to account for Kenneth's exceeding desire to be home early on this special night. But he had been disappointed; for it will be remembered that when we parted from him it was long past eleven o'clock, and he had not yet reached his own home.

Knowing all these circumstances, it will not be wondered at that the sound of music and dancing which he heard as he entered the street was not congenial to his present state of mind; we may even forgive the impatience of his manner to his sister, who, at the first sound of his footsteps outside on the pavement, had started up, and holding the door open in her hand, eagerly asked him how he had been detained so very late.

Poor Bessie! she was a good, sweet-tempered girl, and her brother was very fond of her: but there were times when from a want of tact, she ruffled him sadly.

On an occasion like this Lena would have understood far better what would be pleasant to him. Anything she did for him would have been done quickly and silently; and seeing, as she would have done by a glance, that he wished for nothing so much as quiet, she would immediately have left the room.

But Bessie, on the contrary, overwhelmed him with questions which he could not answer; pressed him to take food which he felt would have choked him; and received all his somewhat impatient answers with imperturbable good temper; only following up each with some new question. To-night, poor

thing, she felt so happy at the thought of her mother's convalescence, that she was even more talkative than usual, and she seemed quite to have forgotten that Kenneth had anything to do except to talk to her.

"What has kept you so late, Kenneth?" she began. "You must be thoroughly worn out."

"I am, indeed, Bessie, and I haven't a moment's time for rest either. I must work this whole night."

"You can't do that; you must go to bed."

A smile passed over Kenneth's face—not a pleasant smile, as he impatiently repeated her words, "Must go to bed, Bessie; you don't know what you are saying. It is simply impossible for me to go to bed to-night."

"You would have been better not to have remained so late out."

"You talk, Bessie, as if I had stayed out from choice."

"Oh, I don't mean that you were doing any wrong by staying out."

The unpleasant smile passed again over Kenneth's lip, as he coldly replied, "I should rather think not."

"But you might have told them you were busy," persisted Bessie.

"Told who I was busy? It isn't my way to tell anybody much about myself."

"I could not help you, could I, Kenneth? I am not tired. If I could do anything."

Kenneth was touched by this, and by the sight of the gentle, anxious face of his sister.

"No, dear, you could do nothing. Poor Bessie, you are thoroughly worn out, I'm afraid. You are not required to sit up to-night, I hope?"

"No; at least only for an hour or two."

"Well, dear, good-night; we must hope for better times. I wish I could see you looking stronger." He hoped her next words would be "good-night," too.

"I cannot go, Kenneth, till you have had some food. I do not think you have tasted anything to-day."

"I couldn't, Bessie; don't bring it; it would be impossible."

She looked so vexed that he added, "Unless, dear, you could bring me a strong cup of tea; but it would be troublesome to get that just now, wouldn't it?"

"Not in the least; I'll get it instantly;" and she left the room to prepare the tea, thinking, poor thing, in her innocence, that

she was preparing some nourishment for her brother.

In a few minutes she returned with it; but still she would not leave him till she had seen him, much against his will, force some more solid food down his throat. Then she had a good many little preparations to make for his comfort—coals to heap on the fire, books and papers to arrange, etc., etc., all of which she went through with considerable noise and bustle.

At last, to his great relief, mingled with regret for feeling relieved, she came up and interrupted him in the middle of a somewhat elaborate sentence to say, "Good-night."

In two minutes more he had the satisfaction of hearing the door close behind her, and her footsteps retreating in the direction of her mother's room.

Then he was alone, and his work began in earnest. All that night he wrote. In the morning, there was scarcely strength in his fingers to grasp the pen; but the sermon lay finished on his desk before him, and Bessie found him, when she entered the room early in the morning, still sitting in the position in which she had left him; only now his head lay resting on his folded arms on the desk, and he had fallen asleep from utter exhaustion.

Without waking him, she began to employ herself in putting the room in order, gathering up the papers, and the numerous books that lay scattered about.

An accidental touch of her hand awoke him. He started up, and on first seeing her a look of alarm crossed his face. Then he called out impatiently, almost angrily, "What have you done with all my books? You have confused everything. O Bessie, can't you let things alone?"

Poor Bessie! she had wanted to make the room more comfortable for him, and a tear started to her eye, partly caused by the unkind tone of her brother, and partly by a shadowy, indistinct wonder, why all her efforts to make people comfortable often only resulted in making them angry.

Kenneth saw the tear, and it went to his heart. He had not meant to be unkind; but in his sudden annoyance at not seeing his books, which he particularly wished untouched this morning, he had spoken harshly.

"Bessie," he said, "forgive me, I am

afraid I often speak to you unkindly. God knows I don't mean it. But I scarcely know what I am doing just now; I feel so ill—so worn out. Oh, if I could only get one day of quietness!"

Bessie was far too good-tempered and unselfish to keep up any remembrance of the harsh words to herself. She forgot them all as she looked on the tired face of her brother. She only whispered, "Never mind, Kenneth, what you say to me. You have enough to think of and to harass you without that;" and as she turned sadly from him, and left him to prepare the family breakfast, her thought was not of herself but of him. "Only twenty-eight! poor Kenneth! what hard work he must have had! How very gray his hair has become lately!"

Bessie had too much charge—too much to do for other people just now to think of herself or her own feelings. It supplied her for the time with all the tact she needed.

Kenneth's trial sermon lay, as I have said, finished on the desk before him, and it needed only a little more time to complete his preparations; but as he went out, after a pretence of taking breakfast, and a hurried visit to his mother's room, to begin his day's work by keeping his appointment with Mr. Huntly's boys, he looked even more troubled and uneasy than he had been the day before.

His manner was nervous and agitated; his eye restless and sunken, and his whole appearance gave evidence of some deep anxiety weighing on his mind. Added to this there was an expression about the mouth that was not usually there—a hardness and an obstinacy very unlike his true character. When the little boys met him in the schoolroom they were almost frightened by his look, and exchanged looks of alarm as they thought of their unprepared lesson. They had just turned out of bed when the servant announced that Mr. Graeme had come.

They need not have been afraid. Whatever expression was in his face, Mr. Graeme was very patient, very gentle with them during the hour that followed. "Not the least cross whatever we said," as the boys confidentially agreed afterwards. It was a sore trial of temper—that hour—to both teacher and scholars; but Kenneth's skill and patience conquered at last, and the lesson was satisfactorily finished.

Fred and George were saved a severe beat-

ing by their tutor's kindness; and they were taught another lesson this morning besides the Latin verb—a precious heart-lesson, which, let us trust, they did not soon forget. Verily, Kenneth Graeme, you will have your reward.

How slowly the hours passed this day! How irksome to Kenneth was his daily round of duty! How he longed for a little rest from the ceaseless labor! Very pale and wearied he looked as he hurried along the brightly lighted streets at the close of his busy day; yet there was a lightness in his step now that carried him quickly on.

Occasionally a gleam of happiness stole over his troubled face; but it was only for a moment; the restless, anxious look kept always returning, and became more and more fixed there as he drew near the end of his walk.

His way lay through some of the worst streets of the city, and Kenneth was too anxious to escape from the horrid sights and sounds that met him on every side, not to walk as rapidly as possible.

But there was something else than this that quickened his steps now, and made him grudge every moment he spent on the way. Where was he going? To his own home? No; to a home even smaller and poorer than that—the home of her whom he loved beyond all the world—her whom he thought of, watched over, and prayed for, as his future wife.

How short a time had he been able to snatch from all his duties to spend with her! How quickly it always passed! yet what rest and hope and strength her presence gave him! She would be waiting for him now,—thinking of him,—longing for his coming. No wonder that he hurried on. And yet look at his face again; he is not happy? Even the thought of her cannot banish that expression of pain.

Once only on his way he stopped. Passing by an old book-stall, where he had spent many a stray five minutes in the too often vain search for some necessary addition to his scanty library, he remembered that he owed some trifling sum of money to the old man to whom the stall belonged, and unwilling to allow even so small a debt to stand, he went up to him, saying, "Here, Jacob, I think I owe you five shillings; there it is."

"Was't five shillins, are ye sure, maister?"

I thoct it had been threepence mair nor that?"

"Perhaps it was," said Kenneth, anxious to get on; "there's threepence more. It is right now, isn't it?"

"I dinna ken for certain; it's no right gin it wis just the five shillins, and I'm no sure but what it was just the five shillins nate."

"Well, never mind, take the threepence, I have no time to wait."

"Na, na, maister," said the cautious old Scotchman; "I'll no tak but what's my ain; but gin ye'll wait a minute, I'm thinkin' I suld hae a bit note o't." And, so saying, the old man got down slowly from his seat, and deliberately putting on a pair of spectacles, disappeared in search of the important document.

This was more than Kenneth's patience could stand, and he was turning away hastily from the stall, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a young, fair-haired boy, in very shabby clothes, who was standing eagerly turning over the leaves of a well-worn Greek Testament. Apparently the book satisfied him, for he laid it down with a bright smile, and putting his hand into his pocket drew out a few coppers which he counted anxiously, and then held in his hand till the old man returned.

"I've got sixpence, will that do?" he called out as soon as he appeared.

"For yon book in the furrin tongue? Na, yon's no gaun for less nor a shillin'."

Poor boy, his countenance fell as he heard the hopeless price that was expected. How long it had taken him to save even the small sum he possessed! Perhaps he had had dealings at the same stall before, and knew the uselessness of any attempt to bring down the sum named; at any rate, he did not try; he did not speak at all, but as he laid down the book, and turned away, Kenneth noticed him quickly brush away a tear with his threadbare jacket-sleeve.

"I *should* feel for you, poor fellow," thought Kenneth. "I wonder what he wanted with that Testament. I'm poor enough myself, God knows, and miserable enough; but if sixpence will make that poor child rich and happy, he shall have it;" and he laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, as he passed him, saying, "Here, my boy, did you want that book? take it, if you like, and pay for it with that." Then

hastily he threw the sixpence on the counter and hurried off, vexed even at the momentary delay.

Kenneth Graeme, you have brightened another young heart to-day, and that when your own heart was very heavy—when your own thoughts and your own pressing cares for yourself and those dearest to you, were almost more than you could bear. In your time of trial, when you “would do good” but “evil is present” with you—when in the struggle to do right your spirit faints and is ready to sink, then may some guiding hand be sent to help you, even as you have lent a helping hand this day.

Kenneth Graeme and Joanna Douglas had been engaged for three years. Since the hour when Kenneth first told her his love in the simple words, “Will you wait for me, Joanna, my love, my friend?” how faithfully and lovingly true these two had been to each other!

Through all the troubles and anxieties of their lives, this love had flowed on clear and bright, like a silvery moonlighted stream through a landscape of shadowy hills; separate from all else, yet interwoven with the very being of each—hidden, it might be, at times, by the dark shadows surrounding it, but never lost—always flowing on, pure, deep, and quiet, and suddenly and surely gleaming out again—gladdening and making the whole inner life beautiful with its soft, trembling light.

Eagerly, and often hopefully, they looked together into the future, trying to picture to themselves a time when, all difficulties cleared away, they should reach the end for which each was striving, each was working, each was living; for hard as Kenneth’s work and life had been, and still was, it was equalled, if not surpassed, by Joanna’s. It would have been far indeed beyond her strength, had it not been the supporting power of her deep, passionate love for him—more self-sacrificing than his, because of her woman’s nature—more undivided, because she had neither father, mother, nor sister to share it with him.

“What a foolish engagement! it can never come to anything,” so the world would have said, had it known of this one, or thought it worth a remark; but the world knew nothing of it—nobody knew anything of it, except Kenneth’s mother and sisters.

Joanna had been the only child of a poor professional man. At the age of seventeen she was an orphan, with no means of living, except by work, and no relation whose assistance she felt a right to claim.

Since then, she had lived alone, and worked constantly, patiently, and conscientiously, without envy of others, without repining at her own lot—a pure, honorable, independent, but at times a sad enough life for any woman. It had once been so to Joanna. Now the sadness was gone; she had something to live for.

On this evening she was sitting alone in her little parlor. She had returned, as her custom was, from the school where she was employed all day, to a small lodging where she lived, in a quiet, suburban street, away from any of the fashionable thoroughfares of the city.

She preferred the short time this gave her of uninterrupted solitude and freedom, to the more comfortable but also more dependent plan of living with her employer. These evening hours were very precious to her, brightened as they often were by thoughts of *him*, sometimes even by his presence and companionship.

A very small and shabbily furnished room it was when first she took possession of it; but she had occupied it now for several years, and it was beginning already—from her taste in arranging the few unexpensive ornaments she possessed, the little bookcase, Kenneth’s gift, at a time when actual poverty had not pressed on him so hardly—her old and well-used piano—and the white muslin curtains giving an air of lightness and freshness to the whole—to wear something of the pleasant home look, in which lies all the charm of a room, and of which none, however plain, need be destitute, if a lady is the occupant.

Let us for a moment look at Joanna as she sits there. She is evidently too intently occupied just now to observe us. From her appearance her age must be about twenty-four. A slender girl of middle height, with a slight stoop—that stoop which gives an effect of languor, not of heaviness. It is scarcely observed just now, for she is bending over a well-worn, old-fashioned desk, busily engaged in writing; but in a few minutes, at the sound of a step outside, she will rise from her seat, and then it will be well seen, telling too plainly of days and nights

of far harder work than the poor girl has strength for. Still there is a certain grace about the figure in spite of this defect, and in spite of the very moderate display of all such fashionable disguises as rank under the comprehensive name of crinoline. On most people the old and well-worn black silk dress she wore, with its plain, untrimmed skirt hanging in soft loose folds about her, and the little frill of lace round her throat, fastened with a small mosaic brooch (her only ornament), would have been pronounced decidedly shabby and unbecoming. On her, by some magic influence, I know not what, unless it was the complete harmony of every feature, every expression, and every movement, this dress seemed more becoming, more in character with the style and position of the wearer than any she could have chosen. Her head was small and well formed, and the soft fair hair sloped gracefully back from her forehead, and was twisted up and fastened behind without any ornament.

The face, like Kenneth's, would at first sight have been called rather plain, for it was colorless and thin; and the features, though far from coarse, certainly irregular—some decidedly bad. Yet it was a sweet face, with its large, dreamy eyes, its thoughtful, ever-changing expression—a face, if once seen, not easily forgotten—very easily loved. Wanting as it was in all beauty of form or color, I have seen it look strikingly beautiful. It was not difficult to perceive, from the quiet strength of will that was written in every line of it, what was the attraction that drew Kenneth Graeme, with all his more brilliant talent, so closely to this young girl. She has always rather an anxious expression, but at this moment she looks even more than usually careworn. Kenneth's difficulties and troubles are lying heavily on her mind. She is exhausted, too, by her work. Since she came in at seven o'clock she has had no rest. Her evening hours are too precious to lose; she is too eager about what she is at present occupied with to let them pass unemployed. It is nearly nine o'clock now, and for the last two hours she has been writing on rapidly, without stoppage or interruption. She has been engaged for months at this tale. It is now nearly finished; but it is almost her first attempt—she is as yet unknown as a writer—it is the production of the few hours only that she could spare

from her regular hard day's work—she feels painfully how ignorant she is of much that would have made her task more easy—and, as it draws to a close, the high hopes with which she began it are fast dying away. She feels that there is scarcely a chance of its success.

And yet at times the thought would come—Perhaps she might succeed;—some one might like the tale; she had put out all her strength, and much wearing thought on its creation; every feeling it expressed she knew was real. If she did, what a reward for all the labor would be the joy of telling him!

Wearily the little white hand moved over the paper. Her cheek had become pale and thin, and the soft, dreamy eyes sunken and dim with the excitement of the long-continued mental strain; but still she wrote on, unconscious of all the toil,—unconscious of everything, except the absorbing interest that carries her on in her work, and an occasional thrill of wondering joy and gratitude that even the slightest touch of such a power had been given to her. Very, very slight indeed she felt it to be, as compared with the gifts of others.

How valueless in itself, yet how precious to her, was that pile of manuscript! What would Kenneth think of it? By means of the little talent, was it not possible that she might make something that would help him—that would bring the time nearer, when, the lonely working over, they might begin at last to work together?

As she looked at it, a flush of innocent triumph brightened for a moment the anxious face, her pen was laid down, and resting her head on her hand, she gave herself up for a minute to the thought of that time and the quiet, happy life that would lie before them.

Then she began to wonder whether he would come that night. He had half promised, but this was his last night for preparation, and she feared he could not have time. She knew how sorely pressed and agitated he had been during the past week, and how much more than ordinarily anxious he was about the next day. He had looked ill the last time she saw him. Then as he did not come, as it became too late to expect him, she grew uneasy about him. She remembered that he had promised to come and read his sermon to her, and he had not appeared. Could it be that he was not ready—that he was still

struggling on at his work—surrounded by confusion and noise in the house, and that inward vexing confusion of mind that made thought an impossibility?

So Joanna was sitting in her room, her head shaded by the position of the lamp, bent down, listening for some signal of his coming, when Kenneth Graeme reached the end of his walk, and, with a rapid glance up at the little window that he knew was hers, passed from the street into the long dark close.

In a minute more she has heard the step on the outside, and the anxious expression is gone. She never mistakes that quick, nervous tread; and as she started up to meet him, a gleam of joy lighted up the quiet, colorless face. She looked almost beautiful then, standing waiting for him, with that soft light in her eyes. Kenneth thought so at least, as, when they met, he bent for a moment over the slight drooping figure, and, as he felt his love and his relation to the lonely girl gave him right, once gravely and tenderly kissed her.

She glanced up anxiously at his troubled face, saying eagerly, "Kenneth, have you finished it? Is everything ready?"

"Yes, I am quite ready, love. But I was up very late last night," he added, quickly. "Don't wonder that I look a little worn out; it's only my last week's anxiety."

He wished to get this said at once; he could not bear that Joanna should question him about the trouble he feared was in his face.

She saw at once that he wished no remark to be made upon it, and, trying to look cheerful, said, "Have you brought it? You said you would."

"Yes. I thought, perhaps, Joanna, you would like to hear it."

"I should, very much. Is that it. Give it me for a moment in my hand."

He slightly hesitated, then gave it to her. She took it from him, holding it lovingly and proudly. How secure she felt that she should admire it. How she longed to hear him read it!

He watched her for a minute, smiling somewhat sadly at her trusting, innocent admiration; then he held out his hand to take it from her; but not observing the movement, she continued turning over the leaves of the little manuscript.

"Surely, Kenneth," she said, suddenly,

"you must have been dreadfully worn out when you wrote it. How your hand has shaken. Even I could scarcely read it. I cannot bear it, dearest. You are hurting yourself with this extreme anxiety. It is not necessary. How I wish it was over!"

Kenneth's face flushed deeply as he said, in an impatient tone, "Not more than I do, Joanna; but give me the sermon if you want to hear it read. I do not see really that the writing is more indistinct than usual."

Joanna looked up, surprised at the tone of his voice; and, without speaking, at once handed the manuscript to him. He had never spoken to her in that tone, but she put aside the momentary vexation it had caused her, by the thought of how much he had to irritate and annoy him. It was no wonder that he spoke impatiently; and quietly pushing aside her desk, she drew the lamp close to Kenneth's side, and taking a little piece of work in her hand, she seated herself opposite to him and listened.

It was truly a striking sermon—high and pure in conception, and beautiful in language. Very soon the neglected work fell from Joanna's hand, as, bending eagerly forward, she gazed with an earnest, loving, wondering delight into the face of the reader.

And how well Kenneth read it. How deeply he seemed himself to feel; how clearly and fully to impart the meaning and importance of what he said. How brightly the fire of intellect flashed from his eyes. Joanna had never seen him look like this before. How the dark, rough face lighted up with expression, showing the deep feelings that were being stirred in him. Rapidly its changes came and went, now flushing to crimson and next moment fading to a deadly paleness, till, as the reading drew near the close, she was almost frightened by the intense depth of feeling it revealed.

CHAPTER IV.

At last the end came—the concluding sentence was read; with a hand trembling from excitement, Kenneth folded his manuscript, and, throwing himself back exhausted on his chair, silently, almost breathlessly, waited for Joanna to speak.

The contrast was strong between these two at that moment. She, with her quiet fair face flushed with happiness and pride, look-

ing up reverentially and lovingly into his. How very pale and weary it was!

For a minute or two after he had finished she sat still, leaning forward on the table, her hands folded loosely together, speechless with delighted surprise, entranced with the powerful eloquence of his words; then, as if speaking half to herself, she said in a low, tremulous voice, "It's very fine—very beautiful."

"You like it then, do you, Annie?" he said, wearily.

"Kenneth, you need not ask me that. There's only one thing I do not like about it. What work it must have cost you! It is far too good. No wonder that you are feeling ill. Writing a few more such sermons under the difficulties you had last week would kill you."

"You are right in that, Joanna," he answered, bitterly. "It has cost me hard work."

Without noticing the change in his tone, she went on, cheerfully, "It won't be necessary though to preach such sermons always; something simpler and plainer would even be better understood by the country people. But, oh, I am so glad that one will be fully understood and appreciated, I can scarcely grudge your labor."

His look of trouble and annoyance increased as he said, coldly, "I see you are determined to believe that I am unable to write another sermon as good. I did not expect you would have shown so much surprise at this one being passably well written."

Joanna started. "Kenneth," she said, gently, "you don't mean that?"

Poor girl, she was very much hurt by the unkind words. This was the second time to-night she had unconsciously vexed him. For him to speak harshly to her! She could not understand it; it was so unlike Kenneth.

As she glanced up again timidly to the face that till now had never looked on her but with tenderness and love, that in every sorrow had always brightened at her presence, she was struck at once by the extreme suffering written in every feature. It was not, she felt sure, either overwork or anxiety which had so altered its expression, so deeply lined the forehead, and given such a sunken yet restless look to the eyes. No, it could not be. She was convinced that some positive heavy trouble lay on his mind at this

very moment; something he was concealing from her. She could be deceived no longer; the truth was forced on her mind more strongly the longer she looked at him. Suddenly starting up, forgetful of his harsh words to herself, remembering nothing but that *he* was suffering, desiring nothing but to help him, to lift at least a part of its weight from him to herself, she said, earnestly, "Kenneth, what is it you are concealing from me? There is something. Tell me, dearest; surely, I have a right to know. Oh, let there be no secret between us two."

Kenneth's brow darkened; but his voice was still cold and constrained, as he answered, "I do not understand you, Joanna. Why do you suppose I have anything to conceal from you? You seem bent to-night on saying things to irritate me. Everybody has little trifling annoyances that one never thinks of mentioning. If there were anything you could help me with, or that would do you any good to know, I would tell you at once; but there is nothing."

Poor Joanna! what was it that, while he spoke, made the slight color fade from her cheek, and filled her eyes with such bitter tears? What was the dim shadow that she saw slowly rising up between them, separating them from each other's love, holding them back from their old heart companionship? What was the thought that was gathering like a cloud, hiding from her the sunshine of all her life! Was it that he was now so immeasurably above her, that he could not even stoop to teach her? Was the difference between them so great, that for her even to understand him was impossible? She knew how far he was her superior in intellect; but could his love for her indeed be growing cold—was it changing to mere protecting friendship and pity for her loneliness?

Poor lonely girl! There is a shadow coming between you, but this is not its form.

As Kenneth finished speaking he rose to go away, "I had no idea how late it was. Good-night, Joanna"

Impatiently pushing the lamp aside, its light happened for a moment to fall full on Joanna's face; and as he caught its sorrowful expression, noticed how dark the circles under her eyes had become, and thought of how lonely, how separated she was from all love but his, and how little he had showed her of it just now, his voice changed, and,

holding her hand tenderly in his, he said, "Annie, dearest, try not to think of what I have said to-night. Surely, I cannot be quite myself, when I vex you; but I am sorely troubled, Joanna. You are right that between us there should be no secrets; there will, I trust, be no other, but this must remain with me."

"Could I do nothing to help you? O Kenneth, I think if I knew it, I could do something to make the trouble lighter, if trouble it be."

His answer came very tenderly, but still very firmly, "Joanna, no one could help me."

He took her hand again before he left her. As she looked up before they parted, their eyes met, and his fell before the earnest, truthful gaze of the woman he loved.

For a moment he hesitated. Must it be henceforward always so? Will he never again be able to meet without shrinking that pure, innocent face—to look fearlessly into the depths of those candid eyes?

Yes; so it must be now, for he has gone too far and risked too much to turn back.

But is there no possible way? Might he not tell her his secret, and still not turn back? He could—or in his present wild dream he thought he could—act a lie before all the world; he had made up his mind to that; but to her?

There is no safeguard for a man so strong as the love of a pure and true woman. Kenneth Graeme found it so this day; prepared to deceive all others, his whole nature recoiled from the thought of deceiving this young, simple girl.

Her hand was still clasped in his. He made her promise that his secret should be between them two forever; then he told her.

It is over—the words are spoken—the confession made, and again Kenneth and Joanna stand facing one another.

He has told her of his temptation that night; of his struggle to resist it, of his utter failure; of the determination then formed to carry out his sinful plan—to rest his worldly success on a lie; to claim the honor and reputation which he had not toiled for—had not fairly gained, and to purchase worldly goods and worldly position by the sacrifice of honor, conscience, and all inward purity and truth. The sermon he had read, and which Joanna had listened to with such delight, was in all its thought and labor the work of another.

Nothing but the words in which he gave it was his own. Could there be a meaner robbery, or a darker deceit than this?

All this story Joanna heard from the lips of the man whom already she had promised to love, obey, and honor, and whom, till now, she had most fully honored—almost worshipped in her love; and bravely she bore it. Though it fell like a heavy weight, crushing and bruising her, he needed not to fear that she would shrink from him. No; far, far above the sorrow, and the shame, and the bitter disappointment, rose the strong, all-enduring woman's love. That was still unchanged. He had erred, most grievously erred, but it was over. To her he was the same, even nobler than before, for he had wandered to the very mouth of the dark cavern of sin; but there he had stopped. From entering in and following its deceitful windings he had recoiled. Else, surely, he would not have told her.

So to Kenneth there was no change in her voice or manner when she first looked up and spoke. Only she was very pale, and her hand shook nervously. Perhaps there was a slight degree more of firmness than usual in the tone in which she said the simple words,—“Kenneth, it must be destroyed at once.”

Kenneth let go her hand quickly. “Joanna, what do you mean? What must be destroyed?”

Her voice trembled now. “Kenneth, don't let me have to ask you to do this. O Kenneth, of yourself, of your own will, do it now.”

He was first startled, then touched by her beseeching earnestness, but only for a moment.

“Joanna, I will not destroy it—no, not even for you. You do not know what you are asking. Besides, it would make no difference. I know the sermon by heart. I can make use of it without any manuscript, and I will.” And as he said the words, his face was very hard and stern.

Bravely had Joanna borne all that had gone before—all her disappointed hopes—the thought of Kenneth's failure—of another year at least of weary waiting—of the small chance he now had of success in his profession, and, worse than all, of the weakness that had led him on so far in sin;—but for these last words she was not prepared. They sank like a cold, dead weight on her heart, foretelling

a struggle and a sorrow of which she had not dreamed. But once again she tried. Whatever might be his anger, she felt that she could not give up yet.

"Not for my sake, but for the sake of right! O Kenneth, you will do it?"

"It is impossible; the consequences would be utter ruin. Besides," he added, in a gentler tone, "you are looking on it too seriously, Annie, love; it is a common thing. I have only borrowed a few ideas, being myself pressed for time. I know I could do good were I in this position,—good far beyond any little ill which, were it not for being over-scrupulous, we would not have thought of at all. Now, Annie, don't fret about it any more."

How unlike this was to the words she had been used to hear from him!

"I cannot understand you, Kenneth. It is not a light thing. Sin is sin, and deception is deception. However you disguise it, to preach that sermon will be preaching, acting a lie."

"A lie!" he repeated, angrily.

"Yes. And the man I love—my Kenneth, could not, will not do that. Oh, it would be horrible! I treat you—give me the sermon, and promise not to use it."

His face had darkened as she spoke. Impatiently he turned back and moved to the door. "Joanna, I wish this matter not spoken of again. You will agree with me, when you have thought of it longer, that I am right in adhering to my plan."

His hand was on the lock; her last chance of saving him was gone. Before he entered that room again, the act would be beyond recall. Has she strength for what was to come now? It would be easier, oh, much easier, to give up life itself, than what she gave up by her next words.

"Then, Kenneth, you are not my Kenneth; and we cannot see each other any more."

Kenneth heard the words, but, in his anger and his feverish confusion of mind, their full import was not understood. He was startled by them for a moment, but it was rather the tone than the words themselves that arrested him, that made him turn at once and go back to his place by her side. It was not till he had caught hold of her hand again—how cold it was, the little hand he had so often pressed lovingly in his,—not till he had looked at the quiet face, as full of love as of despair,

that the whole truth broke on his mind. Then he seemed to hear the words echoed again and again in his ear, "We cannot see each other any more,"—these words, and nothing beside.

He could have borne Joanna's anger, her upbraiding, even her scorn of his meanness; but this, to be parted from her forever, this he could not bear. His hand was on the manuscript; he took a step toward the fire; his love was about to conquer after all; but, alas! the demon whisper came again. She cannot be in earnest. It is ruin for yourself and for all that are dear to you if you fail to-morrow. She cannot love you as you love her, if her love does not stand this trial.

"Joanna, let there be no trifling between us. Once for all, did you mean those words you said just now? You wish me to leave you. Will your love not stand this slight sacrifice of feeling?"

Sadly and wearily she looked up at his face.

"Kenneth, I cannot change my mind. You may not consider that a sin. I do. If you will not give it up, we must part—nay, we are parted—forever."

The answer roused all the anger of his nature. He only heard the words. He did not see the passionate love that was breaking her heart as she said them. He exclaimed, bitterly, "Then, Joanna, you cannot love me as I have loved you. It was for your sake I did it. You are not worthy of my love. We had better part indeed." And, roughly letting her hand drop, he hurried from the little room down the long stone stair, through the dark passage, and out into the cold, black, stormy night.

Joanna was alone. She heard the door close; she heard the last faint echo of his retreating footsteps, and then she knew that the love, the hope, the joy of all her life was gone from her, gone never to return.

How cold, how dark, how dreary the little room felt! She looked dreamily round it. There was the chair where he had sat when he had read it. What? Surely, he read something when he sat there. Yes, she remembers it now; and as she remembers, a quiver passes through her frame.

There, in that corner, is the little worn desk, with the written pages of her work beside it. She need work at it no longer. Of what use is it now? There is nobody to care

for it or for her. It was done all for him, and he is gone. She will lock it away with that heap of treasured letters. Some day, when years have passed, she will look at it. Perhaps it will remind her that she once was happy.

Hush! What a storm outside! The wind is driving and beating against the window. How it rattles over the roofs of the houses, and sends stones and chimneys and railings crashing on the pavement!

It is quieter now; but still the rain falls heavily and pitilessly. She cannot help listening to it.

"Are there many out this wild night? Where is he? O God, protect him; bring him safe through this and every storm."

"Oh, was it necessary to do this; by my own deed to thrust from me my one love, my only friend, and he so loving, so true, so good; in all but this, very good—so far above me."

Were he here again, would she be able to repeat the words? Not by her own strength, for it is all gone. Nothing remains now but the love and the misery. Perhaps if you came back now, Kenneth, you would conquer. Bodily pain and weariness have mastered the strong will that would have hidden her grief; and now, with her head sunk on the table before her, the poor lonely girl is weeping bitter, hopeless tears; weeping, as if she would "weep her whole heart away."

So all through the night Joanna sat, motionless, except for a shiver that passed over her at times, and a start of nervous pain, as the striking of each hour fell sharply on her ear. Every stroke she counted; longing for the morning to come; something to break the horrid stillness; work—anything, would be better than this dull, lonely, heavy misery.

Seven o'clock struck sharply; at eight she must be in her place in her employer's school-room. No allowance was made there for grief and sleepless nights.

Slowly and wearily she rose. As she looked at her face, she was startled by the change that night had made. How wan and aged it had become!

Her hands trembled, as mechanically she fastened the little mosaic brooch in the place where she had so long worn it; it was Ken-

neth's first gift three years ago. She cannot part with it yet. Just this one day she will wear it; then she must put it away where she can never see it again. She tied on the white straw bonnet with its scanty black trimming, and wrapping the old checked plaid round her, she went down to begin her daily work; the work that must now continue forever.

She had walked nearly the whole length of the street, when she became aware that some one was coming at a distance behind her. Another footstep besides her own echoed along the pavement. She listened, for the sound seemed to dissipate the oppressive loneliness that surrounded her.

Whoever it is he is walking rapidly—will pass her soon—he—for it is the quick, regular step of a man. All this she notices unconsciously, as one lying in a fever takes note of passing sights and sounds.

But suddenly she stops. Why? What is it that makes her heart beat so wildly; that almost takes away her breath as she listens? The sound has come very near her now. Surely, she knows that step. Ay, she has listened and waited, and longed for its approach too often, to mistake it now. It is Kenneth Graeme's step she hears, his strong arm that in another moment is tenderly supporting her, and there is but one voice that could utter the whispered words that now fall on her ear, "Joanna, I have burnt the sermon. O Annie, my love, my darling, can you give me back your love?"

In the gleam that passed over her worn face, he read the answer, "Kenneth, it has never been taken from you; no, not for a moment."

* * * * *

Kenneth's entrance into the ministry was hardly won, and long delayed, but it came at last. What better preparation for it could he have had than that one night's struggle with temptation—a struggle that made him very tender afterwards with many an erring human soul.

At last, Kenneth Graeme and Joanna Douglas began their work together; they are working still. They have worked long and well. Now they wait together for the time of rest.

[This comprehensive article from *The Spectator* increases in interest to the close. We shall give the whole in three portions. Next No. will contain the two Charleses, and the last the Georges.]

THE PRINCES OF WALES, IN THEIR PERSONAL AND POLITICAL RELATIONS TO THE CROWN AND THE NATION.

THE line of demarcation between the heirs apparent of the crown before and from the time of Edward of Caernarvon, implied by the limitation of our subject-matter to the political position and influence of those who bore the title of Prince of Wales, is not so artificial and arbitrary as might be at first supposed. The reign of Edward I. may be said to be the epoch from which our present Constitutional Government dates its existence. The elements, indeed, existed long before, and both the spirit of individual freedom and the instinct and habit of orderly government had worked out important results in the general character of the administration. Feudalism had laid the foundations of a powerful aristocracy, in the combined idea of landlordism and personal and pecuniary aid to the suzerain on certain fixed conditions. Popular liberty had been developed through new civic charters and old county organizations into a formidable ally, either of the crown or of the greater barons. The king had found his interest in interposing the strong arm of his judges between territorial oppression and its victims; the barons had found their interest in a combined action with the citizen class against the arbitrary "tallages" of the crown. The result had been a greatly improved administration of justice, and such specifications of the boundaries of the executive power and of personal and class franchises as could be conveyed by parchment, charters, and confirmations of charters. But during all this time the several powers of the State had acted either separately or as independent allies. There had been no combined and authoritative national action of a permanent or systematic character. This only began to exist when the general council of the greater barons by tenure was superseded by the limited and more definite assembly of barons by writ of summons, and when representatives of the gentry and freeholders of the counties and of the citizens of the boroughs met "in Parliament," in assemblies, or an assembly, co-ordinate with the preceding, in the name of the

middle classes. Here began the parliamentary and constitutional life of England, and for this event no earlier date can be assigned with any probability than the reign of Edward I. It is, then, from that era only that a settled political position can be assigned to the heir apparent, and that his responsibilities can be properly estimated. And, therefore, it is that any remarks on these points begin naturally as well as accidentally with the name of the son of Edward, and the first titular "Prince of Wales."

It seems to be true, also, that the political significance of an heir apparent to the throne during the life of the reigning king, is very much bound up with the system of free and parliamentary government. Under a limited monarchy, such as the English, the sovereign necessarily loses much as respects liberty of personal action as well as irresponsibility; but an English Prince of Wales gains in those very respects, and from the same causes. By being a subject himself he acquires many of the privileges of the citizens of a free State, while drawing around him the sympathies and deference inseparable from his high expectations. In countries where the sovereign is despotic the case must be different, unless the king is personally incapable, in which event the power of the prince may swell into that of a virtual regent, and no longer fall within the scope of our present. But in a regular government, in which the king is efficient as well as absolute, the prince must almost necessarily be a political nullity, or a mere dependent organ of the government. If he attempts to be an independent head, he is either crushed by the royal power, or subverts the throne. There is no place for any free action, except that which is *revolutionary*, under such a system, and he shares in the disabilities of his future subjects with far less of their personal freedom. In the East a state-prison has been the vestibule to the throne through which many an heir apparent has had slowly to pass. Elsewhere his opinions must be whispered in corners, or buried in his own breast. But, under the protection of the free government of England, the Prince of Wales enjoys a liberty and independence of action which perhaps has proved a dangerous school for some of our sovereigns, and has contributed not a little to spoil them for the more jealously guarded and delicate functions

of an English king. The Princes of Wales, indeed, have been always, more or less, the spoil children of the nation, or at any rate, of some powerful section of the nation. Much has been forgiven to youth—and to youth in such an elevated rank. Small amiabilities have been exaggerated into solid virtues, and gross vices palliated and softened away into unimportant indiscretions. The gates of society and the avenues of political parties lie temptingly open to such a prince. He may enter them in almost any character that he chooses. He may range through every grade of society in the choice of his personal associates; he may share the counsels of any political clique, however extreme or factious. Popular odium, which is quick enough in pursuing the aberrations of the crown, has been slow and capricious in associating itself with those of the heir apparent. Particular circumstances, or the contrast suggested by the conduct of the sovereign, may sometimes precipitate and sharpen the popular judgment; but a Prince of Wales has nearly always a *locus penitentiae*, in the popular mind, in his future reign; and hope tells many a flattering tale before she is finally put to silence as a discredited prophet in his favor. In short, the tutelage of the heir apparent *begins* in this country where it *ends* in others—with his accession to the throne.

It may be partly from this cause, as well as from the effect of circumstances special to each case, that in casting our eyes down the list of the sixteen Princes of Wales who have preceded Prince Albert Edward, we hardly find a name on which we can dwell with any feeling of satisfaction. Three or four of them, indeed, are scarcely, or nothing, more than names—boy-princes, with whom violence or disease anticipated the first fruits of individual character; upon two or three others the name or responsibilities of sovereign descended so rapidly that their peculiar position as Prince of Wales was absorbed in the crown before it had been sensibly appreciated. In the case of six only is their distinct political action of marked importance in its bearing on the history of the country. And out of these six, who may be said to represent *three* types of conduct, of *two* alone can we speak at all favorably, and those two are, as Sir G. C. Lewis might suggest, the most remote in point of time, and, therefore,

the most likely to benefit by the illusion of romance at the expense of the sterner verdict of ascertained facts. We may fairly hope that future historians may be able to point to the last name on our list as a notable exception to the general rule, during a period when every fact will be accurately tested, and every motive curiously scrutinized.

We have spoken of the dangers and temptations which beset the career of a Prince of Wales, but it would be taking a one-sided view of the subject to disguise the counterbalancing opportunities for good which lie open to him. The prerogatives inseparable from his position may be liable to great abuse, but they are also pregnant with important and most beneficial consequences if rightly used. To ensure such results it is not necessary to require any superhuman or exceptional standard of morality or wisdom. A little common sense—a little discretion—a little self-restraint, and a little self-respect, will prove amply sufficient for all the practical purposes of the case; and it says little for the character of preceding Princes of Wales that we should find even this modicum of philosophy almost universally wanting. A Prince of Wales is able to do much from which the crown is shut out by the rigid restrictions of a limited monarchy. He can see for himself, where the sovereign can only depend on the eyes of others, and can act directly, and with a direct personal effect, where the sovereign must submit to have his feelings slowly strained through the sieve of ministerial responsibility and official red-tapeism. He is the natural leader of the youth of England, and his influence may be almost unlimited over the feelings and habits of the rising generation, while through them he affects most powerfully the whole social fabric of the country. Besides this sphere of authority and influence attached to his age, he is the natural complement to the action of the crown in those miscellaneous and undefined departments of social progress in which the dignity and responsibilities of the king forbid him from interfering, except in the most cautious and general manner. In almost every case, indeed, the crown must await and follow the expression of national sentiment—the Prince of Wales may anticipate and form it. The public invites and assigns only too much weight to every exposition of his sentiments on important sub-

jects. It is only too glad to find that a Prince of Wales takes an interest in such things, and can think and judge with average ability, —and it is very chary of repressing such incipient proofs of statesmanship or good sense, by canvassing too rigidly the value of the proposition, or the depth of the sentiment. The absence of the screen of ministerial responsibility is an advantage in this point of view to the influence of the Prince of Wales. He does not necessarily speak by rule, and there is not the pretext for criticism afforded by the inference that his words are those of a responsible minister. If you criticise his acts you may be criticising the Prince of Wales himself—at least, as soon as he has emerged from his minority; if you praise them, the approbation goes to swell the capital of his personal reputation, and not that of a cabinet of ministers. As a member of the Legislature, in official communication with the "King's Ministers," and yet not prevented from listening in private, as well as in public, to the political divinations of the "King's Opposition," his opportunities of gathering experience for himself, and harmonizing the duties of the royal family to the responsible advisers of the crown with the claims upon their sympathies as heads of the nation at large, are almost unlimited. When to speak and act, and when to be a silent spectator only may be a difficult lesson to learn; but the school for learning it is rich in auxiliary "keys to knowledge," and when once learnt, the vocabulary is one which opens up countless channels, direct and indirect, of becoming a national benefactor.

The additional influences and responsibilities which accrue to a Prince of Wales through his wife, can hardly, in fairness, be handled, except with reference to the particular case. A Prince of Wales has not always had, as fortunately appears to be the case in the present instance, the opportunity of choosing a partner of his privileges and duties for himself, even within the limited circle of possible objects of his choice. He can, therefore, not necessarily be held strictly responsible for the results of the introduction of such an element into his life. So much must depend on the character of the lady herself, as to whether his marriage increases or diminishes his power for good, that little can be said on that head which does not equally apply to the whole lottery of married

life. But that the delicate tact of woman may find it more easy to solve some of the less clearly defined problems in the relations between the Prince of Wales and the crown will be at once admitted as applicable to any princess; and the social influences which must flow from any well-regulated course of action through the imitative feature of female character need not be pointed out. But in its main and most important effects, the influence and position of the Princess of Wales is too contingent upon her own character and that of her husband to render any generalizations particularly instructive.

1.—1301.—EDWARD OF CAERNARVON.

On the 25th of April, 1284, Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., gave birth at Caernarvon to a son, who received his father's name of Edward. Two male heirs apparent to the crown had died in infancy—the third, Prince Alphonso, still survived, but had exhibited such symptoms of bodily weakness that the eldest daughter of the king, Eleanor, a healthy girl, already grown up, was looked upon as the eventual successor to the crown. Wales had just been subjugated by the arms of the English monarch, and he was at Ryddlan Castle when he received the joyful news. The messenger was richly rewarded, and Edward hastened to Caernarvon, and, if we may believe the local tradition, presented the infant prince to the Welsh chieftains, with the words, "Eich Dyn!" "This is your man!" Other accounts amplify this simple and natural address into a cunning juggle of the king's, who presented his infant son to his new subjects as his fulfilment of a promise made to them that they should have for their prince one of their own countrymen, blameless in life, and who could not speak a word of English. A Welsh nurse, "Mary of Caernarvon," was sought for the new-born prince, and the wily king evidently tried by every means in his power to engraft his son on the loyal affections of the natives. A few months after the birth of this second son, took place the death of the eldest, Prince Alphonso, "excessively bewailed," says the chronicler of the time, "by the English people, on account of his very great comeliness and worth." Young Edward then became the heir to the crown, and all hopes, if they ever existed among the Welsh, of a partial independence, must have vanished. We have

unusually ample means for elucidating the early life of this prince, not only from the entries in the royal household books, but from a large collection of letters—copies in the hand-writing of his secretary of those written by him in the year 1304. We learn that during his early years he was the object of almost unlimited indulgence. King Edward loved magnificence himself, and he surrounded his son with all the luxuries of the age. At the same time he exercised personally, as well as through the officers of his own household, a complete *surveillance* over the household of the prince, the money for his daily subsistence issuing from the king's exchequer. But, as within these limits the prince seems to have been left very much to follow the bent of his fancy in his choice of amusements and companions, it is not surprising that frequent collisions took place between the holders of the purse and the youthful dispenser of its contents. Unhappily there was no confidence between the king and the prince. The former failed to find in his son the self-reliant and ambitious qualities which formed the staple of his own character; the prince, on the other hand, stood in too much awe of his father ever to apply to him directly on any subject. The king was naturally passionate and impatient of weakness of any kind. The prince was easy-tempered, self-indulgent, and open to the solicitations of any flatterer. He lost his mother when he was in his sixth year, and her place was filled first by his elder sisters, (who, with one exception, soon had husbands and separate establishments), and afterwards by a step-mother. Between these ladies and the prince there seems to have been much reciprocal affection and confidence, he employing them often as intercessors on his behalf with his father. His own leading tastes were music and horses. It might almost seem as if his native air of Wales had inspired him with the love of minstrelsy and minstrels. His love of horses seems to have found an odd partner and abettor in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who actually incurred the charge of treason from the king for his complicity with the prince in some of his expenses. We find Prince Edward had a "Primer" bought for him, but how much he benefited by its contents we are unable to say. As he was inordinate in all that he did, as well as indiscriminate in his favoritism in connection

with the indulgence of his tastes, it is not surprising that a contemporary chronicler should, while admitting his grace and strength, have added, as the "current report," that he "despised the society of nobles, and clove to that of buffoons, and minstrels, and players, and stable-folk, and laborers, and watermen, and sailors, and to people of such low vocation generally." That he loved boating and water sports we gather from his own letters; that he liked to surround himself with valets is also evident. We can well understand that there was little love lost between him and the proud young nobles, who might despise some of his tastes and could not stoop to his humors. The chronicler adds, as the common report, that he loved to give magnificent convivial entertainments, that he was addicted to drinking, and was talkative in his cups, so that he betrayed the secrets of his friends, and would strike the bystanders for light cause; that he was more ready to follow others' counsel than his own; lavish in giving, but more ready to promise than to perform. That Prince Edward was wanting in the sense of self-respect and personal dignity seems evident, and this and his drunken brawls may have led to the imputation cast on him by "John the Tanner," who disputed his legitimacy at his accession,—that his manners were rude, and betrayed the blood of a churl. He was so far "inconstant" that he probably persevered in nothing for long together, and restlessly wandered from place to place. But his leading tastes seem to have been somewhat firmly fixed, and though careless and ill-judged in his choice of friends, he seems to have been very constant in his attachments and devoted to the furtherance of their interests. For them he importuned (though, in the first case, not directly) king, queen, princesses and their husbands, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, officers of the king's exchequer, the king's judges, mayor's and corporations, church dignitaries, and religious houses. In the great majority of cases the applications bear on the face of them their own condemnation as improper or foolish. His associates get into brawls and prison, and he seeks to rescue them from the consequences by solicitations to their judges to pack the juries. He solicits for his friends almost all the benefices that become vacant. He begs Hugh le

Despenser to pardon "our well-beloved John de Bonynge," who had broken into that gentleman's park. A less creditable interference is intended to prevent a robber who had applied for oblivion of his past offences from obtaining it on account of his alleged evil disposition to the prince and slanders respecting him. This looks as if some guilty community of interests had once existed between the prince and the robber, of which the latter had been making use, possibly for purposes of extortion.

In the year 1299 there came to England one Arnold de Gaveston, a Gascon gentleman, who had been a prisoner in France during the recent war with that country. Probably on account of his sufferings in the king's cause, Gaveston obtained a place for his son Piers about the prince's person. Piers was handsome, accomplished, witty, cunning, and insolent. He soon obtained a fatal ascendancy over the mind of the prince, and led him into such flagrant misconduct that Walter Langton, Bishop of Chester, the high treasurer, whose pecuniary relations with the prince were probably not of the most pleasant character, thought fit frequently to reprove the prince's favorite for misleading his master. This bred great ill-feeling between the prince and the treasurer, which at length, in the year 1304, came to a serious crisis. The prince grossly insulted the treasurer, and this being reported to the king, he banished his son from his court for nearly half a year, and for some weeks prohibited any one from supplying him with money. The prince was put to great straits, but at last, on apologizing to the treasurer, he was forgiven, and through the intercession of the queen he seems to have procured the re-admission of Gaveston, whom he fondly calls "Perot," to his household, from which he would appear to have been dismissed.

The political influence of such a prince could hardly be great under a sovereign so determined and energetic as King Edward. On the 1st of August, 1297, at a great council held at London, to pave the way for the king's expedition to France, the prince stood by his side, and received the fealty of the nobility, being appointed nominal regent during his father's absence. There was then great opposition to a tallage of the king's, and he managed to lull the storm for a time by fair words, and an appeal to their sympathies in

behalf of his young son. But after his departure to the Continent, when an order came to levy the tallage, the barons and citizens assembled in a threatening manner, and the young prince being hurried up by his council to pacify them, the so-called statute *De Tallagio non Concedendo*, a re-enactment of a clause of King John's Charter, was passed under his auspices. This war with France involved a marriage scheme. The Count of Flanders, the ally of Edward, had a daughter, Philippa, about Prince Edward's age. He appears to have seen the Lady Philippa, and to have been pleased with her. The young lady and her father also desired the match, and King Edward was for a time bent on it. The King of France, however, had other views. He inveigled the count and his daughter to Paris, and kept them both close prisoners. King Edward, who had pledged himself in the most solemn manner to the count not to give up the match; or, if the King of France continued to detain the Lady Philippa, to betroth his son to her younger sister, finding it at length to his interest to make peace with France, abandoned his ally and broke all his pledges. In 1299, he himself married a sister of the King of France, and a match was agreed on between Prince Edward and a daughter of the same king, the Princess Isabelle, then a little child ten years younger than her proposed husband. The luckless Count of Flanders and his daughter both died in a French prison. No wonder, then, that the wretched event of this French match, in the tragedy of Berkeley Castle, was popularly regarded as a judgment of heaven on the perjury of King Edward. This year, it must also be noted, was the date of the arrival of the Gaveston family in England. The formal betrothal of Edward and Isabelle did not take place till the year 1303, and the marriage followed his accession to the crown.

In the summer of 1300, King Edward took his son with him in an expedition to Scotland, and the prince led what was called the "Shining Battalion" in an encounter with the Scots near Irvine. In the following year, 1301, the king, by charter, granted to his son and his heirs, Kings of England, the principality of Wales, with the exception of the castle and town of Montgomery (added in the same year), and also the Earldom of Chester, and granted him letters-patent for both dignities. The charter, which completes the grant of the

whole principality of Wales, bears date the 10th of May, 1301. In the summer of 1303, the new Prince of Wales was again with his father in a military expedition to Scotland, and, marching westward, with a portion of the army, wintered at Perth. Thence, as we have seen, he returned to incur his father's displeasure in 1304. In the following year, again, the chroniclers tell us, "King Edward put his son, Prince Edward in prison, because he had riotously broken into the park of Walter Langton, Bishop of Chester, and destroyed the deer. And because the prince had done the deed by the procurement of a lewd and wanton person, one Piers Gaveston, the king banished him (Gaveston) out of the realm, lest the prince, who delighted much in his company, might, by his evil and wanton conduct, fall into evil and naughty rule." Once more the king endeavored to rouse his son to a nobler line of conduct. On the morrow of Whitsuntide, 1306, before the Scotch expedition in that year, in a splendid assembly at Westminster, he conferred the honor of knight-hood on Edward, who then, in his turn, knighted three hundred gentlemen, who were to be his companions in arms. He was also invested by his father with the Duchy of Guienne. At the banquet which followed, King Edward made his celebrated vow to God and Two Swans, and the prince vowed, characteristically enough, that he would not remain two nights in the same place before he reached Scotland. He accordingly set out first, and ravaged the borders with such unsparing cruelty that even the stern old king reproved him. But Gaveston had now crept back to the prince, who had the effrontery to request the Bishop of Chester to ask of the king, for his favorite, the title of Count of Ponthieu. The treasurer reluctantly complied, and delivered the request to the king in the driest and most direct manner, apologizing for his share in the matter. The rage of the king knew no bounds. He said it was well for the treasurer that he was evidently an unwilling agent, and ordered him to summon the prince to his presence. Edward came, and in person repeated his petition with reckless audacity. The king reviled him as no son of his, and declared that if it were not for the danger of anarchy in the kingdom he would disinherit him. He even went so far, in his passion, as to seize his son and tear handfuls of hair from his head. He then

placed him under arrest. The councillors who had accompanied the king to Scotland were summoned, and Gaveston being called before them, was compelled to take an oath that he would never accept a gift of lands from the prince. A decree, converted into a solemn Act of Parliament, was then passed, February, 1307, by which Gaveston was exiled forever from the kingdom; and the Prince of Wales was made to swear that he would never confer titles or estates on his favorite. But in July all these solemn injunctions became a mockery. The hand of death then removed the stern king who stood between Prince Edward and his associates. There are many strange stories told of the means by which the dying monarch tried to bind down his successor to a prosecution of the war with Scotland, and on peril of his paternal curse never to recall Gaveston; but to deal justly by the remaining members of the royal family, and by the people of England. But Gaveston, who was lingering, it is said, near the coast, was soon again at the side of his royal friend. The rich Earldom of Cornwall—held hitherto by members of the royal family—was thought the fitting reward of his past services and sufferings, while his enemy the treasurer, Walter Langton, was stripped of his offices and flung into a dungeon. The best vindication of the conduct of this prelate is the fact that the prince's debts, at the death of his father, amounted to £28,000—a sum, as a biographer remarks, which would be represented by nearer a half than a quarter of a million of money of the present value! It must be added that the prince at once paid this sum, as well as his father's debts, which were considerable, out of the exchequer. The fate of King Edward II. is too well known to require more than a word. The passage from his French marriage in January, 1308, to his deposition in January, 1327, and his murder in the September of the latter year, was natural, and, with his character and that of the times, inevitable.

II.—1343.—EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK (COMMONLY CALLED "THE BLACK PRINCE").

It will be observed that we pass over a generation. It is the fact that Edward III. never bore the title of the Prince of Wales. The dignity merged in the crown on the accession of Edward of Caernarvon to the throne, and no new grant of it was made by him to

his heir, who appears in the rolls simply as Earl of Chester. Indeed, Edward III. had not emerged from boyhood into youth when the revolution broke out which subverted his father's throne; nor had he completed his fifteenth year when that father was murdered. For some time after his accession he was a puppet in the hands of his mother and her paramour; and, of course, the same remark applies still more strongly to the last year or two of his father's life. He does not, therefore, fall within the province of our subject-matter, and we may pass at once to his celebrated son.

EDWARD, surnamed the "Black Prince" (from the color of his armor), the eldest son of King Edward III., by Philippa of Hainault, was born at Woodstock, on the 15th of June, 1330—when his father had scarcely completed his eighteenth year. We are told of the great expectations formed of his future career from the unusual size and beauty of the infant. It was natural that he should be the pride of his young father, and as he grew up should become his constant companion in arms. From his earliest years he was instructed in all the maxims and trained in the accomplishments of the splendid school of chivalry in which King Edward occupied a central position. Taught to exercise himself in miniature tournaments, and, surrounded by his father's most trusted and bravest warriors and the flower of the English youth, young Edward showed a precocious aptitude for the position assigned to him. He soon became known far and wide as the image and rival of his father's magnificence and heroism. Such a son the first Edward had vainly sighed for. The similarity of character between father and son seems to have been so great, and their harmony of feeling during the greater part of their common lives so complete, that we are presented at once with a singular contrast to the relation of the first Prince of Wales and *his* father. Though both Edward III. and his son were lavish in their expenditure, it was always associated with the dignity and glory of the nation; and those who were called to participate in it were the noblest of the land in every sense of the word. Courtesy, generosity, modesty of demeanor, and language, knightly honor, and a royal hospitality were the virtues which young Edward learnt from the moral code of chivalry. There were, of course, grave

omissions in its requirements when compared with our modern canons. Cruelty and savage revenge were sanctioned under very artificial restrictions; and though the free spirit of the English, and the peculiar composition of a large part of the English armies inspired the prince with more respect for the lower orders, who stood outside the sacred pale of chivalry, than was prevalent on the Continent among the votaries of that "gentle" school, yet it is evident that he acquiesced to a considerable extent in the relative estimate placed by the ideas of those times on the lives of *gentlemen* and *canaille*, when these latter were not free-born Englishmen. From the charge of savage cruelty, when under the influence of those fearful fits of passion to which he, as well as his father and great-grandfather, were constitutionally subject, Prince Edward cannot be vindicated without shutting our eyes to facts and straining our notions of morality. But, if stern and unbending on such occasions, he was open even then to the influence of devoted heroism, and the only way to disarm his anger was to encounter it with a dauntless spirit corresponding to his own.

He was created Prince of Wales, "with the consent of Parliament," on the 12th of May, 1343, having been made Earl of Chester, and invested with the county and castles of Chester, Ryddlan, and Flint, on the 18th of March, 1333. He was also invested with the Duchy of Cornwall, by charter, of the 17th of March, 1337, having been created in the Parliament immediately preceding. This is the first case of the creation of a duke in England; and, by the words of the charter, the castles, lordships, etc., as well in Cornwall as elsewhere, are created into a duchy, and are settled on him and the first-born sons of himself and of his heirs, kings of England. The grant of the principality had been immediately preceded by a solemn investiture with circlet, ring, and rod, for Wales, and with the girding on of the sword for the earldom of Chester.

But the honor of knighthood was reserved for a more martial occasion—on the heights above La Hogue, when he had just completed his sixteenth year; and on the 26th of August, 1346, the battle of Crécy afforded him the opportunity of meriting his newly acquired spurs, King Edward giving him the post of honor, and refusing to derogate from

his reputation by reinforcing him. The defeat of Alençon's splendid chivalry was the basis of the military reputation of the prince. Among those who fell before him was the blind King of Bohemia, John of Luxemburg, whose motto, "Ich Dien," the prince adopted as his own; and thenceforward he and his father ran for many years side by side a career of military glory by land and sea. At the siege of Calais, which followed on Crécy, young Edward appears on the scene in the generous character of an intercessor, though an unsuccessful one, with his father, for the lives of the burgesses of the town. We gladly note this act, which we are afraid was an exceptional one in the life of the Black Prince. A less pleasing episode in his career, which occurred after his return to England, was his unsparing severity in the suppression of a revolt of his own liegemen of the county of Chester caused by some exactions in the prince's name. The lavish expenditure of the prince probably lay at the bottom of the revolt, though his council may be immediately responsible for it. Attended by his chief justice, who accompanied him to hang the chief rebels, Edward swept through the county, and was only appeased by the proffer of the sum of five thousand marks. On his return from this expedition the prince, seeing the decayed condition of the church in Vale Royal, built by Edward I., devoted five hundred of the marks thus obtained to its renovation. His religious feelings indeed, after the fashion of those days, were at all times conspicuous. In his letters and in his public addresses the ascription of all the glory to God, and the invocations of him and the holy saints are remarkable even in that age of devout vows. Notwithstanding, or possibly in consequence of his occasional sternness, the Black Prince continued throughout his life to be the especial favorite of the English people in general, and the gracious, gentle, and unassuming manners which were habitual to him, when not incensed, were remembered in far wider circles than the limited ones affected by his ferocious moods. In the year 1349, the king and Prince of Wales gained fresh laurels on another element by the defeat of a Spanish marauding fleet, off Rye. In this engagement, young Edward lost one of his most valued personal friends and constant associates, Sir John de Goldsborough, whose manor in Yorkshire is

now held by the Lascelles, Earls of Harewood. Both father and son equally bewailed his loss as an irreparable one, and the creation of fourscore knights was considered to indicate the king's estimate of the void left by his death.

A truce with France had ensued on the fall of Calais, and lasted till the year 1355. On the renewal of the war, the Black Prince and his father held separate commands,—the King in the north and the prince in the south of France. Prince Edward's marches through the latter devoted district displayed once more his fiercer mood—indeed, he announced that he came to destroy rather than to conquer. His flying expeditions swept the country of all its supplies for the use of his army, which, at times, seems to have been reduced to curious straits; the horses, the historians assure us, being even intoxicated with wine, in default of water, amidst the boisterous hilarity of the soldiers. It was, indeed, a wild, reckless campaign, which both the prince and his followers seem to have entered upon very much as they would on a drinking bout. Meanwhile Jean, King of France, was watching his opportunity, and at last bore down on the enfeebled army of the English prince with overwhelming forces. We refrain from giving numbers, as they are quite unreliable in the writers of those days. After some negotiation—in which the arrogance and self-confidence of the French king were contrasted with the firm reply of the Black Prince, "England shall never have to pay a ransom for my bones"—the battle of Poitiers was fought on the 19th of September, 1356. This was the greatest achievement of Prince Edward, and terminated in the defeat with great slaughter, of the French army, and the capture of King John and his younger son Philip. "The Prince of Wales," says Froissart, "who was as courageous and cruel as a lion, took great pleasure this day in fighting and chasing his enemies." His letter announcing the victory displays the finer qualities of the English hero; it is full of manly modesty and devout gratitude to God. His treatment of his royal captives met, to their full extent, the requirements of the law of chivalry with respect to noble prisoners of war. That which to modern feelings may seem doubtful taste in the triumphal entry into London—the exhibition of the captive

king on a splendid white charger, while his conqueror rode beside him on a black palfrey—seems to have been in strict accordance with the ideas of the times, and King John appears to have been far more occupied in admiring the beauty of the fair young Englishwomen, who, suspended in bird-cages from the houses, scattered tinsel flowers on the procession, than in moody thoughts on his own position.

The next event of importance in the life of the Prince of Wales was his marriage. Several matches had been proposed and broken off before Edward made choice for himself of his relative Joan, called the Fair Maid of Kent, the daughter of his great-uncle, the Earl of Kent, beheaded at the commencement of the reign. Joan had been contracted, if not married, as a child, to Montecute, Earl of Salisbury, and being divorced from him, or her betrothal to him renounced, while still a young girl, she was married to an elderly knight, Sir Thomas Holland, created thereupon Earl of Kent. She had been left a widow only three months when, on October 10th, 1361, she became the wife of her cousin, the Prince of Wales. It was a love match, offending king and queen, particularly the latter, for Philippa had a poor opinion of the morals of her beautiful daughter-in-law, and some scandal attached to Prince Edward himself in respect to the lady's previous married life. Joan was thirty-three years of age, and the mother of several children; but the prince himself had attained the age of thirty-one, and king, queen, and people were all eager for his speedy marriage. Much of the popularity enjoyed by her husband soon attached to Joan herself, and this somewhat romantic royal match, which looked so ambiguous at first, was unattended with any public scandals, though the strange dying request of the princess that she might be buried with her former husband, instead of her royal consort, may justify a suspicion that their private harmony was not so unbroken as the public believed. But Joan certainly behaved admirably on all public occasions, and her courage and good sense might, had her life been prolonged, have saved her son, Richard II., from the ambition of the house of Lancaster. After the marriage, the prince and princess gave way to their common love of magnificence, and their house on Fish Street Hill was the centre of a splendid court and the scene of numberless costly entertainments. The king

created his son Prince of Aquitaine and Gascony; and on the suggestion, it would seem, of his younger brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, he was directed by his father, in 1363, to take up his abode in Guienne. Here he held a still more splendid court for several years—all the most illustrious and famous of European celebrities and sovereign princes in abundance being his guests. At length, in the year 1366, ten years after his victory at Poitiers, he was incited to martial action once more by sympathy for the alleged wrongs of King Pedro of Castile (surnamed the Cruel), whom his brother Enrique, assisted by the French, under the celebrated Du Guesclin, had driven from his throne. A fugitive sovereign, suffering at the hands of his old enemies, the French, and throwing himself on his generosity, was sure to excite Edward's sympathies; and these were justified, in a political point of view, by the danger of having a French dependency on the southern side of the Pyrenees, by the proffer by Pedro of the province of Galicia, and by other profuse promises and solemn written bonds. On the strength of these engagements, Edward raised money in every direction, selling his own plate, and becoming security to a large amount to his chief nobles for disbursements, and thus equipping a gallant army. His star was still in the ascendant, and on the 3d of April, 1367, the battle of Najera, in which the forces of Enrique and Du Guesclin were routed by the English prince, placed Pedro once more on the throne of Castile. But he then repudiated all his material promises to his ally, and Edward returned to Bordeaux beggared in his finances, with an army decimated by disease and toil, and himself in a state of health which threatened an early termination to his career. Even at the time of his marriage people had spoken doubtfully of his living to succeed his father, and ever since his health had been gradually declining; but the Castilian campaign probably decided his fate. The remaining years of his government in France are full of melancholy and disaster. His penury, in consequence of the Castilian campaign, compelled him to raise money by levying a heavy tax on his subjects of Guienne. While he spent his money lavishly among them, none were more loyal than his French subjects; but he ceased to be popular when he demanded money in his turn. Probably, the

Impost was levied in the harsh and imperious manner which the Black Prince sometimes displayed in dealing with opposition. At any rate, it provoked a general insurrection, and the new King of France, being appealed to by the insurgents, summoned Edward, as his vassal for Guienne, to appear before him and answer for his conduct. Edward returned a furious answer that he would do so at the head of an invading army. But health and resources were wanting to such an undertaking. Town and castle fell one after the other before the rebels and their French allies. One final effort the Black Prince was roused to make. His favorite and favored city of Limoges had admitted the enemy within its walls. Edward, stung to madness by this treason and ingratitude, rose from his sick-bed, and descended suddenly and with fury on the devoted city, retook it, and was only arrested in his bloody retributive work on the garrison and inhabitants by his admiration for the valor of some nobles who were defending their lives with the courage of desperation. But nature soon gave way again, and at last, in January, 1371, Edward was obliged to return to England, to recruit, if possible, his shattered health, leaving John of Gaunt to carry on the war, and ultimately to negotiate a disadvantageous peace.

Here ends the martial career of the Black Prince, and for the next five years we hear little of him, except that the fatal disease was slowly but surely gaining ground upon him, and that all men now regarded his death as imminent, from year to year and from month to month. Strange to say, it is at the close of this period of bodily decay and inaction that the political action of the Prince of Wales makes itself first distinctly felt, and that his name becomes inseparably connected with the civil as it is with the military history of England. The long reign of Edward III. was drawing to a close in gloom at home as well as abroad. The king, although he had only completed his fifty-ninth year, exhibited unmistakable signs of mental as well as bodily decay. As he gradually sank into something at times approaching dotage, those about him obtained more and more the ascendancy over him, which they seem to have unscrupulously abused. Among these was a married woman of much beauty, named Alice Perrers, who had been a lady-in-waiting on Queen Philippa. For two years before the death of the queen,

which took place in 1369, there had been talk of undue intimacy between this lady and the king, and she had since been installed as his avowed mistress, presiding over court festivities, and at a public tournament taking the principal place under the title of the "Lady of the Sun." Not satisfied with this, she is accused of grasping at everything she could extort from the dotting king—money, places, preferments, the late queen's jewels, all went the same way, or through that one channel. She is said to have intruded into courts of justice and the royal council board, and dictated to judges and ministers, interfering with the course of justice and the government of the land. We have seen that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had been the instrument of removing the Black Prince to Guienne in 1363. Since that time, either personally, or, if absent, through his creatures, he had, in conjunction with Alice Perrers, governed the old king and England. How far the charges of misgoverning both brought against him are true or exaggerated it is not possible with our present information to determine for certain. But we know of him that he was a great patron of learning and learned men—of a shrewd and scheming, if not a wise head—a favorer of Wycliff and the Lollard heresy—and, at the same time, living in open adultery with Catherine Swinford, the sister of the celebrated Caxton's wife. He was also unconciliatory in his manners, and, consequently, personally very unpopular. The higher clergy hated him for heresy, the common people had no sympathy with his tastes, and hated him from a strong suspicion that he was planning to supersede the Black Prince and his family in succession. Though active in the field as well as restless in council, Lancaster was not cast in the mould of a hero of chivalry, and, therefore, contrasted unfavorably in the popular eyes with his gallant brother. We must remember this, as well as that the chroniclers of the times were monks, when we endeavor to appreciate his real character. But, allowing for this, there seems to have been a substratum of solid truth in the feeling against him, and it is clear that it was firmly rooted in the gentry and middle classes. His support of Alice Perrers is much against him, and his political associates at this time do not give us a high opinion of his patriotism. He afterwards, it is well known, deserted Wycliff,

and made his peace with the Church without much scruple. But be this as it may, it is certain that after the return of the Black Prince to England, a party gradually formed itself under his auspices, which only awaited an opportunity, and some improvement in the health of the Prince of Wales, to show itself openly. In the early part of 1376 the opportunity occurred. Lancaster was absent in France, negotiating a peace, and the Black Prince, under the influence of that final effort of nature which so often immediately precedes death, awoke from his long lethargy, and roused himself for a last effort to overthrow the power and schemes of Lancaster, and secure his young child in the succession. His eldest son, Edward of Angoulême, had died in his seventh year, and now a boy of nine, Richard of Bordeaux, stood in the due line of succession. After him came the Clarence branch, represented by the family of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who had married the heiress of Lionel, Edward III.'s next son. March participated with the Black Prince in his dread of the ambition of the next in succession after their families, John of Lancaster, and stood forward as the ostensible head of the new opposition. The soul of the party, however, was the celebrated William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who had formerly been chancellor, but had been removed through the influence of Lancaster and his party. Wykeham, whose name is associated with splendid charitable endowments and noble scholastic institutions, was also a shrewd politician and man of the world. He and the Black Prince were mutually much attached, and the latter appointed him one of his executors. Whether in consequence of his own disgrace, or from friendship to Prince Edward, or patriotic motives, he now set himself to work to organize what their opponents called the "party of the knights," probably from the leading part taken by the knights of the shire. With him was associated for the time Courtenay, Bishop of London, the active opponent of Wykeham. But the party was not a retrograde church one, and though a common hatred of John of Gaunt probably united those who differed widely on many points, we must not suppose that we are reading of a struggle in which civil and religious liberty stood on opposite sides. A Parliament, called afterwards, with grateful emphasis, "the Good Parlia-

ment," met on the 28th of April, 1376, and in the Commons the popular party were led by Sir Peter de la Mare, a knight of Herefordshire, and steward to the Earl of March. But it is said they were in constant communication and counsel with the Black Prince. Yet one of the most striking bills passed by the popular majority in this House of Commons was a vehement attack on the extortions and venality of the Pope, and a strong demand for the reformation of the Church. The Commons, as the rolls inform us, having held a conference with the lords, renewed, for three years longer, the subsidies granted in the last Parliament, which were now near the time of expiring, but desired to be excused making any further grant on account of the distresses of the times, unless any extraordinary event should happen, in which case they would aid the king to the utmost of their ability. They then prayed that, considering the evils of the country through so many wars and other causes, and that the officers now in the king's service are insufficient without further assistance for so great a charge, the council be strengthened by the addition of ten or twelve bishops, lords, or others, to be constantly at hand, so that no business of weight should be despatched without the consent of all, nor smaller matters without that of four or six. The king assented, and then these councillors and all other officers were prohibited from taking presents in the course of their duty.

The "Commons then appeared in Parliament, protesting that they had the same good-will as ever to assist the king with their lives and fortunes, but that it seemed to them that if their said liege lord had always possessed about him faithful councillors and good officers, he would have been so rich that he would have had no need of charging his Commons with subsidy or tallage, considering the great ransoms of the French and Scotch kings, and of so many other prisoners; and that it appeared to be for the private advantage of some near the king, and of others by their collusion, that the king and kingdom are so impoverished and the Commons so ruined. And they promised the king that if he would do speedy justice on such as should be found guilty, and take from them what law and reason permit, with what had been already granted in Parliament, they would engage that he should be rich enough

to maintain his wars for a long time without much charging his people in any manner." They then alleged, as particular grievances, the removal of the staple from Calais, where it had been fixed by Parliament, through the procurement and advice of the said private councillors about the king; the participation of the same persons in lending money to the king at exorbitant usury; and their purchasing at a low rate for their own benefit old debts from the crown, the whole of which they had afterwards induced the king to repay to themselves. For these and many more misdemeanors, the Commons accused and impeached the Lords Latimer and Nevil, with four merchants. Latimer, who had been chamberlain, was the creature of Lancaster. An ordinance was also made that "whereas many women prosecute the suit of others in courts of justice by way of maintenance, and to get profit thereby, which is displeasing to the king, he forbids any woman henceforward, and especially Alice Perrers, to do so on pain of forfeiting all their goods and suffering banishment from the kingdom." The names of those added by these parliamentary proceedings to the king's council of course included William of Wykeham and a major-

ity of his party; but one or two were added, who, if not strong friends of Lancaster, were known not to be actively hostile to him. Among these was Henry, Lord Percy, who, once Lancaster's strong opponent, was now, it is said, conciliated by the grant of a marshal's staff, and was with him in France. This Percy was the well-known father of Harry Hotspur, and the future friend and enemy of Lancaster's son, Henry of Bolingbroke. With these remarkable acts we may dismiss the Good Parliament, which was dissolved in the following July. Such were the measures with which the last weeks of the Black Prince's life are associated. But nature now had her way, and on the 8th of June, 1376, the Prince of Wales breathed his last. On his death, Lancaster hurried back to England, accompanied by Lord Percy. All that had been done by the influence of his brother was speedily revoked. Alice Perrers resumed her sway, and Sir Peter de la Mare and William of Wykeham both felt the force of the duke's resentment, notwithstanding the riotous protests of the citizens of London; a signal proof of the basis on which the popular party had rested.

THE GOLD FIELD.—It is impossible to ascertain the amount of gold which has been taken from the mines of California. Records have been kept of the sums manifested at the San Francisco Custom House, for exportation, and deposited for coinage in the mints of the United States; and there is also some knowledge of the amounts sent in bars and dust to England; but we have no account of the sums carried by passengers to foreign countries and coined elsewhere than at London, or used as jewelry, or of the amount now in circulation in this state. According to the books of the Custom House of San Francisco, the sums manifested for export were as follows:—

In 1849, \$4,921,250; in 1850, \$7,676,846; in 1851, \$42,582,695; in 1852, \$46,586,134; in 1853, \$57,831,934; in 1854, \$51,328,653; in 1855, \$45,182,631; in 1856, \$48,887,643; in 1857, \$48,976,697; in 1858, \$47,248,025; in 1859, \$47,640,462; in 1860, \$43,303,345; in 1861, \$40,630,089; a total of \$551,603,904 in twelve years.

The exportation of gold commenced in 1848, but we have no record of the sums sent away in that year. Previous to 1854 very large sums

were carried away by passengers, who gave no statement at the Custom House; since that year the manifests show the exportation correctly within a few millions. I am entirely satisfied that *the total gold yield of California has been not less than seven hundred millions of dollars.*—*Hittell's California.*

In all parishes in Wales in which Welsh is commonly spoken, it is required by law that the ordinary parochial services in the church shall be in the Welsh tongue. The Bishop of Bangor has laid before the House of Lords a bill giving power to the bishops to license in such parishes chapels for the performance, also, of Divine service in the English tongue.

A NEW scientific periodical, entitled *Les Mondes*, has appeared in Paris, which is to give a weekly summary of scientific facts from all parts of the world, a report of the meetings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and articles on special subjects.

From Chambers's Journal.
AGAINST BOYS.

THE Boy is a dreadful animal, under whatever aspects we regard him, and in whatever social rank, from the aristocratic youth at his private tutor's down to the *gamin* at the corner of the streets. Politicians may talk of "the dangerous classes," but there is no class existing so opposed to order as the Boys; so terrible to the aged, so indifferent to the fair sex, so pitiless to themselves. No nation, however civilized, can hope to forget what were its own primeval wicked habits, so long as it possesses Boys. In them we see continually reproduced a picture of savage humanity. The same love of cruelty for its own sake, the same taste for petty theft,* the same indifference to knowledge, are as observable in a fashionable public school as in a tribe of painted Ojibbeways. The latter, however, possess the virtue of hospitality, whereas a company of well-born British youths are accustomed to welcome a newcomer with falsehood, and torture, and scurrilous jests about his family, from whom he has just parted with tears.

It is the paradoxical fashion of these days to praise the boys. This partly perhaps arises from fear (for they are getting worse than ever),† and partly from the author of *Tom Brown*, who has become "devil's advocate" to them, just as Mr. Froude has done for Henry VIII., and a previous historian for Richard III. Any idea of appeasing the boy-element is, however, quite ridiculous; the animal is implacable, and, like a horse that perceives his rider is afraid of him, becomes unmanageable if petted. As for authors, they may write what they like of an extinct genus, and we must take it for granted; but when they compose eulogistic works upon Boys, even the humblest reader (having been a boy himself once) must be permitted to have his own opinion upon the subject.

Boys have no wit and no humor. If they do find one of their number possessed of either, they call him "facetious," and lick him. They hate poetry, and if they discover a bard among them, they treat him like a witch.

*At Eton we stole tea and sugar from one another's cupboards, and stuck to it that we didn't, like young Spartans.

†A dozen or two of them put an old gentleman to death the other day because he objected to have his palings torn up to make a bonfire for their Guy Fawkes.

They have a grim delight in practical joking, the principal point of which is always to inflict pain. They are affirmed by their admirers to be courageous and high-spirited, but I have generally observed that they prefer to engage in single combat with individuals under their own size. They do not bully boys of the form above them. It is the ushers—for the most part, poor and friendless persons—who are the objects of their mischievous tricks, and not the head-master. The robust boy is a hero among them, but they oppress the delicate and the weakling, exactly as some evil kinds of bird ill-treat their sick or wounded. If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would Society become, reconstructed by Boys! If Adam had begun life as a lad, the world would have been a deal worse than it is, we may depend upon it. He would not have required an Eve to tempt him to steal apples, and what a life he would have led all those harmonious animals! Placable as they might have been, he would have done his best to set the bull-terrier at the garden-cat, or he would not have been a boy, you may take my word for it. Some boys are doubtless worse than others; but there is, in my opinion, no such thing as a good boy, except in the story-books. If the least approximation to such a phenomenon appears in a school, all his companions twit him with the unnaturalness of his pretensions. "He a boy—no, he must be a gal! ah, Mufl, Milksop, Sneak, Funk, Molly-coddle!"

However bad boys may be if brought up alone, they are infinitely worse when in masses. What the Tom-Brown-ites call "the tone" of a school, is always below the public opinion of grown men, no matter of what class, age, or country. The instances of cruelty which arouse general horror in the newspapers, occur among boys as a matter of course; nor do I remember but a single instance of a whole boy-community rising in armed revolution and "pitching into" the oppressor. I use that boys' phrase designedly, although, like all boys' phrases, it is a vulgar one. The author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, with a license for which not even his agreeable muse can be pardoned, has composed an amusing poem upon "a Vulgar Boy," as though a boy could possibly *not* be vulgar.

"He put his thumb unto his nose, and spread his fingers out,"

is an action as natural to the entire boy-world as sucking toffy. "Oh, yes!" "Ah!" "Would you?" "Spell able!" "Jerryusalem!" etc., are sarcastic observations as familiar in the mouths of high-born Etonians in their "playing-fields," as of youths with half a pair of braces and one shoe in a Whitechapel lane; nor is the tone one whit less defiant and impudent in the one case than in the other.

The low-bred boy can whistle perhaps with a more aggravating shrillness, since he has perfected himself in that art at periods when his aristocratic contemporary has been compelled to study classical authors, but otherwise there is not a pin to choose between them. I disbelieve in all ameliorating influences, while boys are allowed to mix together, and egg one another on to mischievous atrocities. If, indeed, a whole generation of boys could be brought up in solitary confinement—well secured—a reformation might be effected, but the operation would be difficult, and there seems to be no philanthropic enterprise in that direction. If it be asked with triumph: How is it, if boys are so bad as you represent, that they become, as men, respectable members of society? I confess I can make no reply. Perhaps their savage nature is mollified, when they begin to appreciate the softening influences of the fair sex. Perhaps they are suddenly impressed on their emergence from Barbarism by being brought face to face with Civilization. Certain it is that their worst characteristics disappear, or find some legitimate channel in the world of men—such as the Law—for their tranquil exercise. At the universities, the immediate transition from the boorishness of boyhood to the refinement of grace and adolescence, is very remarkable. In Mr. Doyle's famous book of foreign travel, there are two companion pictures—Jones at the Opera Abroad, and Jones at the Opera at Home. In the one case, he is in morning costume, he is yawning, he has his feet up on the seat in front of him, he is lapped in vulgar ease: in the other case, he is dressed to within an inch of his fashionable life, he sits erect, he clasps his opera-glasses with a delicately gloved hand. A similar contrast is afforded between Jones at Harrow, dirty-handed, red-eared, greedy for sweets and beer, and given to boxing, and Jones, six months afterwards, up at Trinity with his hair parted with the greatest even-

ness, with charms on his chain, not averse to Moselle for breakfast, and possessing a heart that can be touched by *In Memoriam*. The metamorphosis is astounding to his younger brother, who is still amid the jam-pots, but that young gentleman will himself slough his old school-skin, after some different, but quite as complete a fashion.

Certain feeble poetasters are always mourning that they are no longer in the Classical or Commercial Seminary of their younger days, but I believe that there are few honest men who do not look back upon their school-life with a shudder. I was not a very bad boy myself, I believe, but the comparison of my Now with my Then is certainly not odious. I can now meet a cat without wishing to kill it; I can behold two dogs without yearning to set them by the ears; I can listen to the twitter of a hedge-sparrow without longing for a horse-pistol; I can pass in the street an individual smaller than myself without experiencing an uncontrollable desire to snatch off his cap and throw it over the wall. When I go to church, I take a church-service in my hand, and not a novel of similar external appearance; I do not distend my pockets with filberts purloined from my host's dinner-table; I do not smoke bits of cane until I am sick; I do not think it ungentlemanly to ride in a 'bus; I am no longer irresistibly attracted to any barrow full of strange delicacies, such as Albert Rock or Alicampaine, and if I were, the fruit of all others which I should leave untouched would be exposed slices of cocoanut. When I find any foreign substance, whether of a sticky nature or otherwise, upon my fingers, nature does not impel me, on the instant, to put them in my mouth; the appearance of a domestic fowl, or of a donkey, or of an artisan upon a ladder, does not urge me to pick up a stone; a policeman is not my natural enemy, nor a dog with bow-legs and a bull's head my friend. Upon the whole, in short, I flatter myself that my relations with society are improved since I was that dreadful being—a Boy.

With such convictions, it is needless to say that I do not court the society of young gentlemen *in statu pupillari*, but avoid them by every means in my power, from the ragged youth who plays "tipcat"—to the peril of her majesty's lieges—in the London streets, to the Etonian who, bedizened with a scarlet

coat and sword on the 4th of June, calls himself Captain of the Boats, which I take to be the apogee of boyhood—the position nearest heaven in the eyes of that deluded genus. Still, so long as Boys are permitted to go about loose, one is liable to meet with them, and I met with a specimen only last week, which I shall not easily forget. I was starting from the Waterloo Station by an afternoon train for Hampshire, but meeting with four military friends who were going to Farnboro' Station (for Aldershot), I got into their carriage. Beside us five, there was an Eton Boy. There was no mistaking that description of the race; they are always dressed in the height of fashion in the vacations, although at school they delight in a hat with half its brim off, and, moreover, they all wear stiff little white ties, which give them the appearance of duodecimo ministers of some juvenile religious sect. The little wretches are as haughty and reserved as North American Indians; and the individual of fourteen years of age or so whom we had on this occasion for our fellow-traveller, looked as though the entire railway station, plant, and valuable house-property adjacent belonged entirely to himself. My soldier-friends, however (a class which has generally a proper contempt for boys), paid no sort of attention to him, and as for me, I was delighted to ignore his presence.

"Now, Jack," said my friends, two of whom were my college-chums, and all of them intimates, "you will let us smoke, we know, although not fond of it yourself."

"Well," replied I, "it will probably make me ill; but otherwise I have no objection."

As soon as the train began to move, they accordingly lit their cigars; they had not, however, taken three puffs before the child in the white cravat (whose wishes nobody had thought of consulting), requested, in that half-hoarse, half-squeaking voice peculiar to his period of life, that they should put their cigars out, because smoking was offensive to him and contrary to the by-laws.

The soldiers stared as though the carriage-lamp had uttered an observation, and then all four burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You will find it no laughing matter, gentlemen, when you get to Farnboro'; or, at all events, the joke will cost you two pounds apiece. You have been warned, as the act

directs; I object to your smoking in this carriage."

"Then get into another, you little brute," observed Pepperpot of the 110th; "and, indeed, I have a great mind to drop you out of the window as we go along."

"I will thank you for your name and address," returned the phenomenon stiffly; "here is my card at your service. Be so good as to name your friend."

"Smith of London," replied Pepperpot; "only give me time to write to my wife and family. What a bloodthirsty young creature it is?"

"He is very plucky," remarked Norman, of the kilts, approvingly, "I will say that for him; but *what* cheek! *what* cheek!"

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," returned the little wonder, drawing out a gold repeater; "but if within one minute your cigars are not all extinguished, I will appear against you as sure as I am a living Man. My time is of no consequence, and I had as soon get out at Farnboro' as anywhere else; so you may be sure you will not escape me. I feel it my duty to prosecute upon public grounds."

Once more did Pepperpot glance at the window, and even stretched his hand towards this human gadfly, as though he would have nipped him up between finger and thumb; but with a rueful look at his companions, he presently cast his beloved weed out of the carriage, instead of the boy. The other three followed his example; for was it worth while to pay forty shillings apiece for a forty minutes' ride?

"That's right," observed the young gentleman approvingly, returning his watch to his pocket, and re-engaging himself in the columns of *Bell's Life*. "Obedience to the law is one of the first duties of the soldier."

Conversation flagged after this, for a sense of disgraceful defeat oppressed the spirits of my friends. They said a great number of severe things against the common enemy; but he never lifted his eyes from the exciting details of the Champion Fight of the Light Weights, which appeared to afford him intense, though tranquil, satisfaction. When the soldiers got out at Farnboro', I observed his eyes to twinkle with especial merriment; but I could not be certain that he was enjoying his victory until the train began to move again. No sooner, however, had we left the

platform, than the Etonian burst into such a series of fits of laughter that they actually rumbled his neckcloth. He became, in short, to my horror, a Boy in one of its most ordinary and repulsive forms.

"I think I did 'em, eh, old stick-in-the-mud?" observed he, when he had got a little breath.

"You deprived four gentlemen of an hour's pleasure," returned I haughtily.

"Yes; but I deprived myself as well," returned the diminutive one, producing from his pocket a brier-root pipe. "I can't go without my tobacco myself without great inconvenience."

"What!" cried I; "you are not going to smoke yourself, you young monkey?"

"Aint I, though?" interrupted the Etonian, nodding in an offensively familiar manner. "If those fellows had been civil, and asked my permission to smoke as well as yours, I would have given them each a better cigar than the Line are accustomed to, I flatter myself; but since they chose to carry matters

with a high hand, you see—puff, puff—and got hold of the wrong man for that sort of thing—puff, puff—why, they had to take the consequences."

"But I will not permit *you* to smoke, young sir," observed I, indignantly; "or if you do (for I shrank from a personal contest with that audacious child), you shall pay a couple of sovereigns out of your pocket-money at the next station."

"Excuse me," returned the Etonian blandly; "the by-law says, 'if objected to:' now, when your friends inquired whether you would allow them to smoke, *Jack* (smoke-jack; by the by, that's funny)—when your friends—puff, puff—demanded *that*, you replied—for I heard you—that you had no objection."

And that awful specimen of the genus Boy smoked undeterred, like a limekiln, until we both got out at Weymouth; where, if I had had my way, he should have been taken off to Portland Prison and kept there until such a time as he should be no longer a Boy.

LOYAL OR DISLOYAL.—I lately dined in company with one of those inane young gentlemen who, as Theodore Winthrop says in "Cecil Dreeme," praise slavery and think they are aristocratic. The young gentleman went on for some time, when Mrs. — said to him, politely,—

"If you sympathize with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?"

"I, madame? I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly, only I stand by the Government, not by the Administration."

"So Vallandigham says."

"I mean I am no Abolitionist."

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am afraid we are alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think war can restore it."

"So Toucey says."

"But, my dear madame, the war is unconstitutionally carried on."

"So George Ticknor Curtis says."

"I mean that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Well, but isn't the war fratricidal?"

"So Ben Wood says."

"Come, then, isn't it hopeless?"

"So the *London Times* says."

"Yes, my dear madame, but what on earth do *you* say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the Administration in this war stands against the Government. I say that whoever says he is no Abolitionist means that he intends to embarrass the war. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him. I say that whoever thinks that force cannot restore the Union does not know that Union is the most irresistible instinct of the American people. I say that whoever says the war is unconstitutionally carried on is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split hairs. I say that whoever says our liberties are imperilled by the Government and not by the rebellion, works and prays for the success of the rebellion and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say that whoever calls the war fratricidal has no more conception of national honor than lottery-dealers are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless hates that cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people and of the facts of the situation. That is what I say, and that is what every truly American man and woman says and believes."

The young gentleman made no reply. But the next day, at the Club, he said to a friend, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. —'s. What an awful Abolitionist she is!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

How good as young From The London Review.

about him AIR TRACTION. *from the able*

How many of the toys of our childhood contain the scientific principles with which, in advanced manhood, we push on the civilization of the world! Boys, for instance, have gone on pea-shooting for generations, and nothing has come of it; but in our day a clever engineer has asked himself, If a pea can travel by the mere pressure of the breath along its pea-shooter, why should we not turn atmospheric pressure seeking to fill a vacuum to some account in the affairs of men, and shoot, not peas, but letters, parcels, and other light articles, through Brobdignagian pea-shooters from point to point under our streets? Mr. Rammell has asked this question, and finding men of substance to believe in the feasibility of his plan, has set to work, and is now shooting heavy mails of letters day by day under the streets between the North-Western Railway Station and the North-west District Post-office. The pedestrian passing along Crawley Street and Eversholt Street in that neighborhood may hear a loud rumble under the ground, but he little dreams that, like swift shuttles, carriages are shooting to and fro all day long beneath the roadway between the two points we have mentioned; and, as a consequence, that the red mail-carts that of old tore along the highway are now seen no more, being beaten out of the field by the pea-shooter beneath his feet.

The cradle of this new drudge that man has called into service to do his bidding is a modest brick shed near the bottom of the Euston Square Station, which any one is free to enter, and when he does so he is puzzled mightily to understand the use of the strange engines he sees before him. There is the mouth of the tube, and there are the travelling trucks, ready to be thrust into it; and as we look, a bell rings at some little distance up the rail—this is a signal that a mail-train has arrived at the Camden station, and that it will speedily be at Euston Square. At this signal we hear a shovel of coke thrown into a furnace, a small steam-engine begins to beat swiftly, and a whirring sound is heard within a great iron case which is noticed on one side of the shed. This, we are informed, is the pneumatic wheel—the mouth, in fact, which is to propel or draw the trucks through the tube. The wheel is twenty-one feet in diameter, and is composed

of two discs of iron, not placed quite parallel to each other, but tapering off from axis to periphery. These discs are braced together by spokelike partitions, and these partitions communicate with an opening for the entrance of air about the axis. As this wheel rapidly revolves, the air is sucked in at its centre, and thrown off in a perfect gale at its open rim or edge. This gale is not allowed to disperse itself, however, but when any work has to be done, is confined within a case, just as a paddle-wheel is confined within a paddle-box, and allowed to pass out at the will of the engineer through a pipe in connection with the great pneumatic despatch-tube. In like manner, the air that is sucked in at the axle is all conducted from the despatch-tube by a similar pipe. Here, then, we have the means of pulling or pushing the travelling carriages along their subterranean road, and as we speak we see it in operation: for a mail-guard opens a door, throws in two or three mail-bags just snatched out of the guard's van as it rolls into the station, the iron carriages are shoved into the tube, the air-tight door at his mouth is closed, and the engineer, with a turn of a lever, directs a torrent of air upon them, and we hear them rumbling off on their subterranean journey at a rate, as we are informed, of twenty miles an hour. Ere we have done looking and wondering, we notice that a water-gauge, on which the eye of the engineer has been fixed, becomes depressed at one arm and elevated at another. "It has arrived," he says; and almost ere he has said it, a bell connected with an electric telegraph warns him that the attendant at the other end of the tube is about to thrust the carriage into the tube on its return journey. It had been pushed along, as we have said, by the pressure of air thrown out by the wheel, but it has to be pulled back by suction; the valve of the suction-pipe, in connection with the centre of the disc, is accordingly opened, and speedily we hear a hollow rumbling, and out shoots the carriage, ready once more for fresh bags. At present one hundred and ten mails pass in this way from the station to the district post-office during the day, and not only letters but trucks of iron of the weight of five tons have passed, and adventurous visitors now and then perform the journey to their great delight. The principle having been thus practically tested, the directors are get-

ting ready to lay down a four feet six inch tube between Euston Square terminus and the W. C. district post-office at the corner of Southampton Street, High Holborn, and thence along Holborn Hill to Smithfield Market, the general post-office, and the depôts of the great carriers in Gresham Street, Messrs. Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin & Horne, both of which firms have entered into an arrangement with the Pneumatic Despatch Company to carry their parcels to and from the station. Without doubt, before long, all the main thoroughfares will be traversed by these swift shuttles, passing to and fro by the impulse of the air—performing the part of letter-carriers between distant parts of this great metropolis, and consequently multiplying the deliveries, and shortening the time in which they are transmitted; giving us also an hour or more later for writing our country letters than in the old days of the mail-carts which may be expected to grow as scarce as mail-coaches. But the public will scarcely gain less advantage from the action of this invention as a carrier and a parcel delivery company. Our streets are at present blockaded at certain times of the day by the three-horse railway wagons passing between the great carriers and the railway termini. This traffic will be greatly lessened, if not totally annihilated, as the Pneumatic Despatch Company ramify their carrying-tubes through the metropolis, and pass underground the goods going from station to station, and again from the stations to our great markets. The magnitude of this traffic is only known to those who carry it on. Taking Camden Town as one of the stations which supply the London commissariat, we find that a hundred tons of meat and poultry daily pass thence to Smithfield, and ten tons of butter; whilst thirty tons of fish pass daily from Billingsgate to the railway station, and an equal weight of oranges and dried fruit escapes into the country by the same outlet. We scarcely dare say how many tons of vegetables are brought into Covent Garden Market by the spring carriages of the different lines, but we may mention that the South Eastern Railway one morning delivered in that market no less than thirteen thousand baskets of fruit; whilst as much as two hundred tons a day of rhubarb and other vegetables are sent northward from the Camden Station. A very large share of this immense daily traffic will doubtless fall

into the hands of this company, as they will be able to carry so much cheaper and much quicker than the ordinary vehicles possibly can do, and they will be able to deliver directly into the market, and beside the rail.

But, says the reader, if such heavy traffic as this is contemplated by the promoters of the new carrying system, why not carry people as well as goods? That is just what Mr. Rammell contemplates doing. The great success of the Metropolitan Railway has proved that the public is not adverse to subterranean transit; and, indeed, the impossibility of providing sufficient space above ground over the crowded portions of the metropolis, has necessitated this method of underground intercommunication. Hence we do not fancy there will be any objection on this score. But, the reader will remark, the atmospheric method of propulsion has been tried, and proved a failure. But that was a system by which carriages above ground were moved by a small piston working in a pipe underground, and the expense of exhausting the air was too great to compete with locomotive traction. A pressure of ten pounds on the square inch was required to move this piston; a pressure of five ounces is sufficient to move the carriages that Mr. Rammell proposes to drive inside his tubes; and the reason is evident. Each carriage will present an area of nine feet square to the atmosphere; in other words, the augmented area makes up for the diminished pressure. But, says the affrighted reader, this projector does not intend that we are to ride in a dark tube with the pressure of a gale of wind blowing upon us? At first sight the objection does seem a strong one; but we must remember that the carriages would be going with the gale, and therefore, it would not be felt. There is something exceedingly novel in the method by which Mr. Rammell proposes to work the traffic. Groups of carriages would be placed at distances coinciding with the stations, and these carriages would be worked by the elastic rope of air in a continuous circuit, just as we see the buckets in the dredging-machines on the Thames working in an endless chain—one set of carriages going along one side of the double tube, and another returning by the other tube. It would be so arranged, however, that between station and station only one group of carriages could by possibility be in the tube at the same time, thus

preventing any possibility of accident either by collision or by one carriage overtaking another. It is needless to say that as the atmosphere in these railway tubes would be circulating every moment, there would be perfect ventilation;—we say tubes, but they may be brick arches, put such as those of the Thames Tunnel, only much smaller,—a headway of nine feet, with a width of eight, being quite sufficient for the passage of very roomy carriages, seated like an omnibus and lighted like an ordinary railway-carriage. The plan seems so utterly strange that the reader may shrug his shoulders and doubt its practicability; but that part of the business has been disposed of at Euston Square, and we are informed that the whole plan of operations will, in all probability, be tested in public ere long. It luckily happens that, at the present moment, the main high-level intercepting culvert at Hackney Marsh, which runs under an embankment for three miles in length, will be lying idle for many months, as it will not be required for the metropolitan main drainage scheme; and in these culverts, if he gains the commissioners' permission, he will erect his pumping machinery and run his trains. We are told that traffic can be worked considerably cheaper by this method than it can be done by the locomotive, and that the cost of constructing an underground rail on this system would also be one-third less than the cost of the Metropolitan line. These are matters which have to be brought to the actual working test; at the same time, the comparatively diminished area of tunneling required, and the great gain consequent on the abolition of the heavy locomotive,

which is so destructive to the rails, tend to corroborate the correctness of the statement. Gradients which would be impossible to the heavy locomotive are ascended and descended with perfect ease by means of the elastic rope of air. For instance, the ascent and descent of the Fleet Valley at Holborn Hill and Snow Hill, will be as easily worked as the level road, and the train can work through sinuous curves which would be fatal to the locomotive. The strong pressure public opinion is bringing to bear upon the government in favor of keeping the few open spots we have in the metropolis, will doubtless be fatal to many of the schemes which propose to cut and carve our great city in all directions. It seems, therefore, that a scheme which can be worked underground in a space not larger than that occupied by good-sized culverts, and which would not interfere with the great drains—for in the main thoroughfares, such as Oxford Street, there is ample room between them and the roadway—stands a good chance of obtaining public favor. Of course we speak in the public interest only, and the experimental trial at Hackney Marsh will soon give us the public verdict one way or the other. But whether this prove to be only one of those abortive schemes which Time gathers year by year so plentifully in his wallet, or a great invention, there can be no doubt that the Pneumatic Despatch Company have established their principle of working, and that this great city will henceforth have its lighter traffic and parcels and letters carried on by a circulation of air ramifying in a network of tubes through soil, as the human body was supposed to be supplied by a similar circulation, before the time of Harvey.

THE Australian colony of Victoria is inclined to set up a monster reflecting telescope for observation of the nebulae of the southern heavens. Astronomers have long been desirous to see this task undertaken, and Lord Rosse's success in our cloudy hemisphere, renders them the more impatient to establish a course of observations in the clear atmosphere of the south. The colonial legislature is ready to vote the cost when properly informed of the matter, and they have sent an application through the Colonial Office to the Royal Society, which has been satisfactorily answered. The instrument will of necessity have to be made in this country. It is worthy of remark that an open framework is now found to be more suitable than a close tube; the images obtained are quite satisfactory, and we hear that Lord

Rosse is about to alter his tube to a skeleton, by which the weight will be much reduced, and the huge instrument rendered more manageable.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE Alpine Club now takes rank among the publishing Societies of London. The first number of a quarterly journal was issued on the 1st of this month to the members. It contains interesting papers on Mountain Ascents, and a department for Notes and Queries relating to Mountaineering, Guides, and the various incidents of Alpine travel. As a medium of communication between Alpine explorers in various parts of the world, this journal, if efficiently conducted, will be of use.

From The Athenæum.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Pompeii, Feb. 27, 1863.

ESCAPING from the blind and the lame, and the cracked guitar, and the wretched songster who pester our steps to the very gates of Pompeii, we enter a road, newly arranged and planted with the glowing mesambrianthemum. At the end of it is the ticket-office where we buy our permit, price two francs, and passing through an iron turnstile, which records the number of visitors, we are in the streets of the old city. The order which prevails here is a new feature in this country, and reminds one much of England; of more importance is it to observe that it indicates the action of a new spirit. In every direction there are signs of work; instead of a few lazy and extortionate custodes, and a man or two busy about nothing, there are 200 men, women and girls occupied in the interesting labor of excavating, so that if the same success continues to be displayed, the whole of Pompeii, it is calculated, will be brought to light in twenty years. What secrets will be revealed! What treasures of Art will be given to the world in that time! Along the high mound which now surrounds Pompeii, a tramroad has been laid down, and trains are continually running with the *débris*, which is carried off in the direction of the Amphitheatre. From this mound the visitor looks down on the unburied portion of the city, and forms a good idea of the interior of the houses, which are, of course, roofless. The excavations are being carried on in two spots—near the Temple of Isis, and near the house called that of Abbondanza, but we are more immediately concerned with the former site. Here in a house, in a small street just opened, were found the bodies or skeletons which are now attracting crowds. Falling in a mass of pumice-stone, these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire, ashes, and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death, and insuring their preservation for nearly 2,000 years. On removing the *débris*, which consisted of the roof and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cav. Fiorelli

that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture,—the interior having been discovered to be hollow, in consequence of the destruction of the flesh, and mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first century. Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of excavators was the finding of ninety-one pieces of silver money, four ear-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold, together with two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag. These interesting relics have been now successfully removed, and are lying in a house not far distant. They are to be preserved in Pompeii, and four bronze tables, of an antique fashion, are being prepared for their reception. I will describe the dry details of their appearance. The first body, so to speak, is that of a woman, who lies on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm are raised and contorted, and the knuckles are bent in tightly; the right arm is broken, and at each end of the fragments one sees the cellular character of the bones. The form of the head-dress and the hair are distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand are two silver rings, one of which is a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body is much bent, the legs are extended as if under the influence of extreme pain.

By the side of this figure lay the bags of which I have already spoken, with the money, the keys, and the rings, and the cast of it, with all that remains intermingled with or impressed on the plaster is preserved in the same room. Passing on to an inner chamber we found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs are drawn up, the left lying over the right,—the body is thinly covered over in some parts by the scorice or the plaster, while the skull is visible, highly polished. One hand is partially closed, as if it had grasped something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protrude through the incrustated

ashes, and on the surface of the body in various parts is distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered. There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated, whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear which is uppermost, is very conspicuous and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress. The last figure I have to describe is that of a man, a splendid subject, lying on its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There is an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which, together with the arm, are supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress on the arm and over the whole of the upper part of the body are visible; the sandals are there, and the bones of one foot protrude through what might have been a broken sandal. The hair of the head and beard,—by which I mean, of course, the traces of them,—are there; and the breath of life has only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the nineteenth century the Romans of the first century. I gazed again and again on these lifeless forms with an interest which I cannot well describe. They might have fallen but yesterday, for were there not still remaining their sandals, their dress, the very tracery of their hair? They were trying to escape from destruction, for the bodies were found at a short distance one from the other, as if in the act of running. What could have induced them to remain so long it is only permitted to imagine. They were three women who, terrorstruck, had been unable, perhaps, to act until aided and urged forward by the man. It may be that with that attachment which binds us all so closely to our native place and our hearth, they still clung to their homes with the hope that the storm would soon pass away. I witnessed some instances of infatuation last year at Torre del Greco, where the poorer inhabitants remained in the lower rooms of their houses, the upper parts of which had fallen or were falling in, when the ground was heaving, and the crash of buildings was heard from time to time; but Vesuvius sent forth its clouds of ashes without intermission until the sun was darkened, and the only safety was in flight.

Haste—haste!—fly—by the Stabian Gate, towards the Salerno road! But it was too late; the weakness of woman, or the strength of local attachment, had been too strong, and down they fell, these poor victims, on the very site from which they have now been disinterred, after an undisturbed repose of nearly two thousand years. The first was the mother and the head of the household, for by her side was the bag of money, the keys, and two silver vases, and a silver hand-mirror, which was found only last Friday. She was of gentle birth too; the delicacy of her arms and legs indicates it; and coiffure too. The hands are closed as if the very nails must have entered into the flesh, and the body is swollen, as are those of the others, as if water had aided the cruel death. The child—perhaps her child—does not appear to have suffered so much, but, childlike, it had thrown itself on the ground, and wrapped its dress about its head, thinking thereby to exclude all danger. I judge so from the marks of the folds of the linen round the arms and on the upper part of the body, and from the partially open hand as if it had grasped something. Poor child! it was not so tenacious of life as the mother, and soon went to sleep.

There is the figure of another woman, of a lower class, a servant perhaps, and I thought so from a large projecting ear, and the ring on the finger, which was of iron. She had suffered much evidently, as the right leg is twisted back and uplifted. She lies on her side, and the left hand, which is closed, rests on the ground; but her sufferings were less than those of her mistress, as her sensibility was perhaps less acute. The man, manlike, had struggled longer with the storm which raged around him, for he fell on his back, and fell dead. His limbs are stretched out at their full length, and give no sign of suffering. A more touching story than that which is told by these silent figures I have never read, and if a second Bulwer could describe the last days of Pompeii, nothing more suggestive could be found as a nucleus for his romance than the family group just brought to light. It was with comparatively little interest that I closed this day by visiting the sites where the laborers are actually at work. They are cutting out streets beneath the roots of large trees, and carting off the soil to many feet above them. Walls are coming out to view every moment, and the large red inscrip-

tions and the popular jokes of Pompeiani. Many houses have been completely uncovered, with the exception of two or three feet of sand, which are left on the ground-floor, and cover up the antiquarian wealth which is reserved for the eyes of distinguished visitors. One house I remarked particularly, as it is the largest in Pompeii. There are two large gardens in the interior of the building, and marble fountains, around which were found the figures of a wild boar being pulled down by dogs, and a serpent and other animals, all of bronze. On the walls are elegant fresco paintings, and in one small room, a sleeping chamber, is a mosaic floor, a portion of which was repaired, and that right artistically too, by some old Roman mosaicist. This room is not far from the Temple of Isis, should visitors care to see it; and it will well repay the trouble. Amongst the many changes and

improvements which my friend Cav. Fiorelli has introduced, I must not fail to notice the establishment of a museum, in which many objects of great interest are deposited, all discovered in Pompeii. There are the skeletons of two dogs; and sixty loaves which were baking when Vesuvius burst forth, and which were "drawn" only the other day. There are the great iron doors for the mouth of the oven. There are tallies, too, and hammers and bill-hooks and colors, should the artist need them, and medicines for sick, and pulse for the hungry. Vases and paterae of plain and colored glass, light and elegant in form, are there, and candelabra, so graceful that one longs to grasp them. There, too, are brasiers more ornamented and more useful and elegant than any that modern Italians have made.

H. W.

A CURIOUS case has been brought upon appeal before the House of Lords, after thirty years' litigation in the Court of Chancery. In the year 1780, Dr. Cochrane, a native of Scotland, left his country, and entered the service of the East India Company as assistant surgeon in their Bengal establishment. In 1790 he formed a connection—was married to her, as the appellants allege, according to the forms of an Indian marriage—with Raheim Beebee, a princess of fourteen years of age, at Cawnpore, in the state of Furuckabad, then an independent Mahometan state. By this princess, on whose fair fame no imputation is cast, he had several children, all of whom, except Susan, the present appellant, born on the 17th of December, 1807, died shortly after their birth. On the 23d of November, 1808, Dr. Cochrane, being in England, was married to a Scotch lady named Margaret Douglas Fearon, with whom he returned to India. Of course there was nothing out of the way to the mind of the Mahometan princess in her husband taking to himself another wife; and it is alleged that Mrs. Cochrane the second, treated the native Mrs. Cochrane with the utmost respect, and her daughter Susan with affection, while the two ladies were residing in separate establishments at Calcutta. On the 8th of December, 1818, residing still in India, Dr. Cochrane made a will, by which he left £12,500 to his child by the Indian princess, and, in terms of affection, conjured the second Mrs. Cochrane to bring her up in a manner befitting the morals and dignity of her station. Both his sons by the second marriage died without issue in 1835, and after the death of both parents. The widow of the first son, after having taken out letters of administration to her husband, married a Mr. Lord in 1842, and died in 1844. On his return to

Scotland, where he was domiciled at the time of his decease, Dr. Cochrane made a second will which, it is alleged, had the effect of entirely revoking his former one, by which he left the legacy of £12,500 to Susan, although it did not contain any express clause of revocation. In 1826, Susan married Lieutenant Moorhouse; and the contest lies between Moorhouse and his wife, the appellants from the adverse decision of the court below, and Mr. Lord, in whose favor that decision has been made. This is the gist of a case in which a fortune of upwards of £200,000 awaits the final disposition of the House of Lords.—*London Review*.

MR. BURFORD'S Panorama of Rome was exhibited on Saturday. It is the intention of the proprietors to produce in succession all the panoramas of the late Mr. Burford, who for seventy years annually exhibited pictorial representations of remarkable places in Europe, Asia, and America.

PRUSSIAN Government engineers have been engaged in making surveys with a view towards forming a canal to unite the Rhine, Weser, and Elbe Rivers; it is understood that the needful works do not present any very formidable engineering obstacles.

A MR. RICHARD WILLIAMS has translated Bacon's "Essays" into Welsh. This is the first time that these "Essays" (or perhaps any other of Lord Bacon's writings) have appeared in the idiom of that people.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in !
'Tis kind of thee

To wait until the Friends were gone, who came
to comfort me.

The still and quiet company a peace may give, in-
deed,

But blessed is the single heart that comes to us
at need.

Come, sit thee down ! Here is the bench where
Benjamin would sit

On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the
swallows flit :

He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the
pleasant bees

Go humming round the lilacs and through the
apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring : not that he cared
for flowers : most men

Think such things foolishness,—but we were first
acquainted then,

One spring : the next he spoke his mind ; the
third I was his wife,

And in the spring (it happened so) our children
entered life.

He was but seventy-five : I did not think to lay
him yet

In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meet-
ing first we met.

The Father's mercy shows in this, 'tis better I
should be

Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age
—than he.

We've lived together fifty years ; it seems but
one long day,

One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called
away ;

And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet con-
tentment home,

So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days
to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was
to know

If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I
should go ;

For father had a deep concern upon his mind
that day,

But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what
best to say.

Then she was still : they sat a while ; at last she
spoke again,

“The Lord incline thee to the right !” and “Thou
shalt have him, Jane !”

My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the
least of shocks,

For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter
Ruth we lost :

Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not
see her crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she
hears a hireling priest—

Ah, dear ! the cross was ours : her life's a happy
one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as
old as I,—

Would thee believe it, Hannah ? once I felt temp-
tation nigh !

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for
my taste :

I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at
the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the
women's side !

I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear
than pride,

Till, “in the presence of the Lord,” he said, and
then there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say
the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I
I showed no sign ;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand
in mine.

It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was
his for life :

Thou knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast
been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green
as ours ;

The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows
full of flowers ;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face
was kind,—

'Tis strange how lively everything comes back
upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-
dinner spread :

At our own table we were guests, with father at
the head,

And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she
stood up with me,

And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now
they're gone all three !

It is not right to wish for death ; the Lord dis-
poses best.

His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them
for his rest ;

And that he halved our little flock was merciful,
I see :

For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are
left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call
in truth,

And I must rent the dear old place, and go to
daughter Ruth.

Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,—young
people now-a-days

Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good
old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps
the simple tongue,

The cheerful kindly nature we loved when she
was young ;

And it was brought upon my mind, remembering
her, of late,

That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay
too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed
 with grace,
 And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a
 homely face.
 And dress may be of less account: the Lord will
 look within:
 The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.
 Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious
 I should go,
 And she will do her duty as a daughter should,
 I know.
 'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must
 be resigned:
 The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing
 mind.

—Bayard Taylor.

ODE TO THE RAIN.

"Heigh-ho! the wind and the rain!

For the rain it raineth every day."

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

I.

THE rain it hath a dismal sound
 To a spirit burdensome;
 In dull monotony around
 Ascends a cheerless hum:
 The floods enshroud both hill and dale,
 Which, veiled in vapor, lie
 Beneath the rack of clouds the gale
 Sends scudding o'er the sky;
 While, as they scatter,
 Follow more
 In gray and weeping train:
 Patter, patter,
 Pour, pour,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain!

II.

Ceaseless it pelts upon the earth
 On moisted moors and meads;
 The rustling woods are rank and swarth,
 The flowers hang their heads;
 The birds are silent, save the wren
 That twitters in the hedges;
 It lashes loud the river, then
 It simmers in the sedges;
 It beats the stubble,
 Lays the wheat,
 And flushes ditch and drain:
 Bubble, bubble,
 Beat, beat,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain!

III.

And now it gushes from the eaves,
 And gurgles in the gutter;
 It drips and drizzles off the leaves,
 As here and there they flutter.
 The Wind he hurls it to and fro,
 And howls with mad delight;
 He blows it high, and drives it low,
 Through all the streaming night;
 And with a fickle,
 Fretful dash,

It patters on the pane:

Trickle, trickle,

Plash, plash,

Oh, dreary, weary rain!

IV.

Within the reeking farmyard-shed
 It floods the foddered steer,
 While damp discomfort dulls the tread
 Of sullen chancieeler;
 Where on the moor the bull-frog croaks,
 The wagoner it drenches;
 And in the sodden field it soaks
 The weather-beaten wenchens;
 And hip and hazel,
 Dripping, dip
 Their sprays into the lane:
 Drizzle, drizzle,
 Drip, drip,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain!

V.

The horseman draws his cloak to chin,
 And holds his head adown;
 The cowering tramp, wet to the skin,
 Is plodding towards the town;
 The herding deer beside the pale
 Lie in the fern to hide;
 The cattle huddle in the vale,
 The sheep on mountain-side;
 But there no shelter
 Gives the ash,
 Nor elm upon the plain:
 Pelter, pelter,
 Lash, lash,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain!

VI.

The rill that oozed from ferny bank,
 And trickled mid the weeds,
 Has swamped the meadow, soft and rank,
 And rushes through the reeds;
 The snake is hiding in the brake,
 The weazle in his hole;
 The fowl are moping on the lake,
 And brooding sits the owl:
 With quick bespatter
 Drips each drop,
 And drips and drips again:
 Clatter, clatter,
 Slop, elop,
 Oh, dreary, weary rain!

VII.

It makes me sad to sit and listen
 To such a sodden sound,
 To see the woods, aye wont to glisten,
 In dulness so profound;
 I long to see the jovial sun
 Burst through his misty curtain,
 Dispel the clouds, or gild each one
 With smile no more uncertain.
 Then stay thy violence,
 Leave in peace,
 And cease thy doleful strain:
 Silence! silence!
 Cease! cease!
 Oh, dismal, dismal rain!

—Temple Bar.